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AND ATHENÆUM



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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THERE is a serious set-back in the British Government's attitude towards the Kellogg Pact. By this time we ought to have signified our readiness to sign the Pact, "without qualification or reservation," but instead of doing that Sir Austen Chamberlain is saying, in answer to questions in the House, that "it is more important that his Majesty's Government should be careful when undertaking new engagements not to break their old ones, than to proceed without reference to the serious nature of the questions involved." This is to go back to the stage before last, and to forget that we have already mentioned, in a Note to the United States, the points at which the Pact might conceivably conflict with previous commitments, and that our difficulties have been fairly met in the last American communication. There is thus serious cause for anxiety as to the Government's attitude, and this anxiety is by no means diminished by the bulletins of an apparently authoritative character issued in Paris, which Mr. Robert Dell records and discusses on another page. It is a bad sign, also, that Sir Austen seems anxious to prevent public discussion of the questions at issue. "I think," he said, in answer to a further question in the House on Monday, "it would be convenient that I should postpone any account of the British reply, or the likely character of the British reply, until I am in a position to lay papers." Why convenient? Because, we fear, Sir Austen wishes to take a line which public opinion would not approve, and to present us with a *fait accompli*. We are not among those who think that negotiations can always

be carried on publicly, but there is no excuse for secrecy in the matter of the Kellogg Pact, which has already been very fully discussed before the world, and which should be an engagement of nations rather than Governments.

* * *

The debate in the House on Wednesday should tend to reassure the public regarding the appointment of Lord Byng as Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Snowden that a military career is a positive disqualification for this post, and it was therefore useful to elicit from Sir William Joynson-Hicks that the Civil Service and the business-world had been approached for candidates before the new appointment was made. If Lord Byng was really appointed because of his personal qualities, and not as a distinguished soldier, the choice may have been justified. In that case, the real blunder was committed by the Home Secretary when he announced the appointment, with a melodramatic gesture, as "a stern call to duty." This inevitably raised the suspicion that a disciplinarian had been sought to ginger-up the police. It looked as though Sir William was perturbed at the absence of police prosecutions for misbehaviour in Hyde Park, when he ought to be concerned at the estrangement between the police and the public. The real charges against the police were again admirably summarized by Mr. T. J. O'Connor, the Conservative Member for Luton, in Wednesday's debate.

* * *

The end of the trial of Mrs. Pace was highly creditable to British justice. The Solicitor-General consented to be guided by the judge as to whether the prosecution

should be pressed, and the judge deciding that there was insufficient evidence to leave to the jury, the trial was stopped and a verdict of "Not Guilty" returned. In this way an extremely disquieting situation was retrieved. But that situation should never have arisen, and the conduct of the case in its earlier stages was so unsatisfactory that some steps seem necessary to remove the possibility of its repetition. In particular, the function of the Coroner's inquest should be more clearly defined. The Coroner who presided over the inquiry into the cause of Pace's death seemed to regard it as his duty to try somebody for murder, and it was his insistence that the jury should name the person whom they suspected of murder that rendered the abortive trial inevitable. Another feature of the case, which should not be overlooked at the forthcoming inquiry into police methods, is the exhausting interrogation to which Mrs. Pace was subjected by a Chief Inspector from Scotland Yard. An attempt to extort a confession by prolonged questioning is entirely alien to the British conception of justice, but it is difficult to see any other purpose in an examination lasting eight hours.

The official "statement of the Labour policy and programme" just published by the Labour Party under the title of "Labour and the Nation" (price 3d.), shows that an interesting and welcome process is at work. Hitherto the Labour attitude has been to advocate in general terms the nationalization of "the means of production and exchange," and to recommend specifically, as though they represented immediately practicable instalments of the general policy, the nationalization of land, the coal-mines, the railways, and, latterly, banking. In the present statement, the "transference to public ownership" of land and coal and "transport" and "power," and, not banking, but life-insurance, is duly recommended. But this now occupies the rôle of the ultimate, the vague, and the remote, as something which is to be accomplished, to use the language of the statement, "without haste and without rest," while all sorts of quite different things are put forward as an immediate programme. For example, though land, "both agricultural and urban," is to be taken over by the State, land values are to be taxed in the meantime—which emphasizes the remoteness of the former project. We congratulate the Labour Party on the general change. It is refreshing to have at last an official Labour programme, which comes seriously to grips with real problems, and which therefore may actually mean something. We may be pardoned for suspecting that this salutary change has not been altogether unstimulated by the Liberal Industrial Inquiry.

Indeed the programme itself, the serious part of it, that is to say, bears a very close resemblance to that of the "Yellow Book." Though the treatment is much slighter, there is the same insistence on an active policy of capital development; the same machinery is proposed with slightly different nomenclature for giving effect to it; there is a similar insistence on business publicity; there are very similar proposals regarding agriculture, a similar demand for a reconsideration of credit policy, and a similar treatment of the various problems of Public Finance, and—what is particularly welcome—a similar backing for the World Economic Conference. Indeed, most of the "Yellow Book" proposals are endorsed, however perfunctorily, in the Labour statement; the most notable exception being the absence of any proposals on the lines of the Liberal Works Council scheme for improving the status of the

worker in ordinary industry. The programme is not confined to economic questions, and contains some excellent sentiments on the League of Nations and international affairs. Altogether the document is a very able one, the proportion of sense to nonsense being surprisingly high. One question arises. It is only courteous to assume that both the Liberal and the Labour Parties believe in the very similar programmes which they have formulated, and would like to see them translated into practice. But any suggestion that they should take the obvious step of working together for this end would be regarded with extreme disfavour in both camps. The more nearly the Liberal and Labour Parties agree, the more bitterly do they hate one another. We can all understand the reasons. But so long as the two parties are governed by them, neither have any right to complain of Conservative government.

A deputation from the iron and steel manufacturers to the Prime Minister is to press for an immediate extension of Safeguarding to their industry. Meanwhile, a hundred Protectionist Members of Parliament attended a meeting on Tuesday evening and decided to send a manifesto to the Prime Minister urging that a relaxation of the Safeguarding regulations should form part of the Conservative programme at the next General Election. If these Members have their way, any industry will be entitled to protection if it can show that an import duty will reduce unemployment in that industry. This new move is probably the result of the encouragement given by Mr. Baldwin to a deputation from the National Union of Manufacturers on June 11th. Replying on that occasion, Mr. Baldwin said:—

"You told me in your letter you wanted an opportunity of laying your views before me in regard to the policy to be adopted at the next General Election in respect of the Safeguarding of Industries. . . . I did not know what you were going to talk about in detail, but I certainly think you have put up a case that is deserving of the most careful consideration by the Government in deciding on whatever steps it may think fit to take in administering or extending safeguarding in our programme when we go to the country. . . . I will not make any pledge to you beyond that. The whole thing is new, and if I promise you anything it will be said, 'The Prime Minister has given a pledge.' I have had a great deal of that, and I am never going to give any more pledges."

It looks very much as though the Tories were heading for another Protectionist election.

The Government's attempts to tackle the Rook and Rabbit problem by a policy of ruthless extermination have again been thwarted by the House of Lords, who, after sending the Rooks and Rabbits Bill to a select Committee last year, and eliminating the rooks, have now administered the *coup de grace* by rejecting the Rabbits Bill by 63 votes to 55. The County Councils, therefore, will not be given an almost unrestricted right to send their agents on to private property to destroy rabbits in such ways as may occur to them. The Rabbits Bill was consistent neither with common sense (as was amply shown by its critics in the House) nor with humanity, for while it excluded the use of the spring or steel trap it encouraged other objectionable methods of taking rabbits such as snares and poisons. The Earl of Wemyss in the course of the debate pointed out that the Select Committee which sat on the defunct Rooks and Rabbits Bill had recommended that if damage was done by rabbits there should be a claim for compensation in the County Court, but the Government had ignored the recommendation. The present law seems to be that the plaintiff in such an action would have to prove not only that the rabbits were intruders

from the defendant's land, but also that the defendant had brought them there. It would certainly be an improvement in the law if a right to damages were to lie for the depredations of rabbits, when traced to a neighbour's land, whether the latter were responsible for bringing them or not.

Conversations of an informal character have been taking place between representatives of the railway companies and of the men's trade unions with a view to arranging a meeting at which the unions will be asked to consider proposals for alleviating the financial difficulties of the railway companies. Although Sir Josiah Stamp, President of the London, Midland & Scottish Railway, has authorized a denial of the statement that proposals have already been formulated, or even suggested, by the companies to the unions, it appears certain that an endeavour will be made to reduce wages on the railways in the near future. The National Union of Railwaymen has authorized its executive to meet the companies, and the Railway Clerks' Association has decided to act with the other Unions, but the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen has not yet replied to the railway companies' letter requesting a conference with the Unions' representatives, at which the serious financial position of the companies will be considered, and an investigation made of the possibility of introducing economies and reducing labour and other working costs.

The return of M. Venizelos to power has been followed by an immediate breach with the constitutional methods which have marked the conduct of Greek politics under the Zaïmis Government. The first official act of M. Venizelos was to obtain a Presidential decree dissolving the Chamber; the second was to obtain a further decree abolishing Proportional Representation, so that the General Election, on August 19th, will be held under the system of simple majority vote in small constituencies. M. Venizelos is understood to argue that the law establishing Proportional Representation was invalid; but the abolition of the system by decree, after the dissolution of the Chamber, has created a bad impression. M. Venizelos seems to have been anxious also to obtain a decree establishing a Senate, in order to complete the Constitution; but this was too much for the President, who insisted that the Upper House must be established by a vote of the new Chamber. Meanwhile M. Venizelos has been trying to obtain the release of General Pangalos, but has found that this could not be done without the authority of the Chamber. This he appears doubtful of obtaining, for he is contemplating yet another decree transferring the Chamber's rights in the matter to a specially constituted tribunal. It will be interesting to see how far this reversion to the old, bad methods of Greek politics wins approval at the polls.

The negotiations for a coalition Government in Yugoslavia have completely broken down, owing to the refusal of M. Raditch to accept a portfolio in any Cabinet until after a dissolution and the election of a new Skupshtina. As the majority parties refuse to admit the necessity for fresh elections, there seems nothing for it but an interim Cabinet constructed from the majority in the existing Skupshtina. It is exceedingly doubtful, however, whether any such Government can do much to heal the breach between the Serbs and Croats, which has been widened and embittered as the result of the recent murders. The Croat demonstrations on the return of M. Raditch to Zagreb were orderly and non-provocative; but there is no doubt of the impetus

given by recent events to the demand for Croat autonomy. There is some hope, however, that the most serious consequence of the crisis on foreign policy may be averted, for Signor Mussolini is reported to be willing to extend the time for ratification of the Nettuno Conventions, in the hope that the assent of the Croats may eventually be obtained. If this is true, it is an act of genuine statesmanship.

Mr. J. A. Hobson, who celebrated his seventieth birthday last week, has many claims to esteem. But the rôle which has been most distinctively his own is that of arch-heretic among the serious economists of his generation. Like Newton, he has voyaged through strange seas of thought alone; indeed, his mental course has been far more lonely, as regard sympathy and appreciation from the fraternity of his "faculty," than Newton's ever was. His central heresy has been the "over-saving" theory, by which he has found the principal cause of trade depressions and unemployment in a persistent tendency, resulting from the unequal distribution of wealth, for the supply of savings to outrun the remunerative demand for them. We do not accept this doctrine in the form which he has given to it. But it seems not unlikely that events will establish that he has been hitting nearer an important mark than his orthodox colleagues have been willing to allow. Few orthodox assumptions are more fallacious than that which takes for granted that the saving of money by individuals is promptly and necessarily translated into real investment or the construction of capital goods. The phenomenon of the "trade cycles" is, we believe, intimately connected with the flaws in this assumption; and, under the new technical conditions of our time, when the great absorbers of capital are becoming increasingly public or semi-public enterprises it will become increasingly important to grapple consciously with the problem of securing a correspondence between money savings and real investment.

The sale of the *ECONOMIST* announced this week is not, like so many newspaper sales in modern times, a transaction which heralds the end of the really independent character of a great journal. On the contrary, the arrangements announced in connection with the sale, by which a board of independent trustees is to be constituted with the right to veto the appointment or dismissal of any editor, and to veto the transfer of voting shares in the new company, follow the example set by the *TIMES* of safeguarding the independence of the journal against the hazards of future changes in proprietorship. The traditions of the *ECONOMIST*, the journal of Wilson and Bagehot, is a splendid joint heritage of English journalism and of the City; and it is satisfactory to know that this tradition is now secured as effectively as possible against the menace of the cannibals.

Henry Yates Thompson, who died on July 8th, aged eighty-nine, was one of those comparatively few men who, born to considerable wealth, have used it with imagination. It was he who bought the *PALL MALL GAZETTE* and made first John Morley, and afterwards W. T. Stead, its editor. One of Thompson's chief interests in life was the study of illuminated manuscripts; he presented many valuable examples to public libraries, and his own collection consisted of one hundred manuscripts, chosen with great care and constant elimination, so that each was the best of its kind that he could procure. This collection he had described by the greatest experts in a seven-volume catalogue which is a standard work of reference.

PERSONAL LIBERTY

WE write this week on the eve of the publication of two outstanding Reports. The one is that of the Savidge Tribunal; the other that of the Industrial Transference Board. The former Report is awaited with keen interest by the general public; the latter Report is not. The contrast is marked, and it is significant from two points of view. On the one hand, it illustrates a tendency on which we have commented before for public interest in economic issues to decline. The closely connected subjects of unemployment and the troubles of our export industries no longer form, as they did only a few years ago, the main preoccupation of our public life. On the contrary, nothing nowadays empties the House of Commons more reliably than a debate upon the state of trade. It is not easy to find respectable reasons for this growing apathy. We certainly cannot claim that any measure of success in solving our economic problems entitles us to divert our attention from them. Unemployment is increasing ominously week by week; and the plight of the coal areas becomes steadily more desperate. In part, we suspect, the explanation is that the middle classes are no longer as afraid of organized labour as they were before they had taken the measure of the general strike. In part, it is doubtless that our minds are wearied and discouraged by the fixity of the problems which have so far baffled us. Perhaps a new impulse of attention may be supplied by the Report of the Industrial Transference Board, provided that its date of publication be discreetly chosen so as not to make it compete with more intriguing topics.

But a more positive significance attaches to the public interest in such matters as the Savidge Tribunal, the arrest and treatment of Mrs. Pace, and the appointment of Lord Byng. Distrust of our post-war police methods is deep and widespread to-day. The temper displayed by the House of Commons when Mr. Tom Johnston raised the question of the treatment of Miss Savidge was a remarkable revelation of how very deep and very widespread this distrust has become. Members had heard only one side of the story, and not the whole of that. Yet an impatient and vehement indignation, as all observers agree, was at once manifest in all quarters of the House. Without distinction of party, the House of Commons, it was very clear, found no difficulty in believing the worst about the police. And, in this, the House of Commons faithfully reflected the public temper. The general public is also disposed to believe the worst about the police. Distrust and resentment have been accumulating steadily for many years, indeed ever since the war. They have now found expression.

This is a phenomenon with which statesmen will do well to reckon. And if they are to reckon with it wisely, they must understand the various causes which have contributed to it. For, unless we are greatly mistaken, the public distrust and resentment are not solely directed against police methods in the narrow sense, and cannot be completely met by any changes which it will be within the power of Lord Byng to introduce.

As regards police methods in the narrow sense, what is it that the public suspects? It suspects, in the first place, a growing tendency to use improper means to obtain evidence. The Savidge case may or may not be a good example of the tendency; but no findings on the Savidge case will dispel that general suspicion. The public suspects further that policemen in the wit-

ness-box—it is well that this should be said bluntly—frequently tell untruths, not usually serious untruths, or untruths likely to result in a miscarriage of justice, but, as Judge Atherley-Jones has said, “embellishments” to make a case more complete. Indeed the belief is widespread that the police code of honour requires a policeman to subordinate strict accuracy to the superior obligation of backing up his mates. The public also suspects—we know not with what justification—a disposition springing from the same perverted corporate sense to “get back” on anyone who criticizes the police or makes himself unpleasant to them.

These are all matters for the general inquiry which is to follow the Savidge tribunal. But they do not suffice to account for the present public attitude. Equally strong misgivings are aroused by other features of our police system which take us beyond the sphere of the Chief Commissioner into that of the Home Secretary and the Cabinet. There is the practice of employing police officers as spies, and even as *agents provocateurs*, for the detection of certain classes of offence. When a policeman, in plain clothes and in rubber-soled boots, creeps stealthily about Hyde Park in the hope of surprising offenders against the Park regulations, he is acting as a spy. When he obtains admittance to a night club in the guise of a man about town, and orders intoxicating drinks after prohibited hours, he is acting as an *agent provocateur*. Spy and *agent provocateur* are sinister words, so sinister that it may seem perhaps an abuse of language to use them in connection with such comparatively minor offences as the above. But if we reject, as it is the British tradition to reject, such agents in the case of offences of the first importance, endangering perhaps the public safety, it is surely undesirable to employ them when no serious issues are at stake.

Behind this question is a larger one. The present century has witnessed an extensive multiplication of crimes. In part this represents a desirable tendency. We have no sympathy with those who complain of the coercive character of Trade Boards Acts, and not very much with those who complain of Shop Hours Acts. The requirements of social progress are likely to call increasingly for *such* interferences with liberty, namely, for restraints imposed on the freedom of the individual in the interests of others. But, as the illustration of the Shop Acts shows, even such justifiable restrictions may entail anomalies that are very irksome and arouse a not unnatural exasperation against the law. All the more important, therefore, is it to avoid restrictions which are either unnecessary and silly, or which officiously invade the proper domain of personal conduct.

The twenty-mile speed-limit is perhaps our most glaring example of an unnecessary and silly restriction. No one can suggest any useful purpose which this law fulfils. Notoriously, it is habitually broken by everyone who drives a motor-car. The State builds arterial roads to enable it to be broken more easily. Yet we keep this law upon the Statute Book; and every now and then attempts are made, not really to enforce it, but to fine motorists for breaking it, by “traps” which are usually rendered futile by the intelligence system of the A.A. No one disputes that this state of affairs is ludicrous. Let no one suppose that it is therefore harmless. Together with the administration of the law relating to other essentially offenceless motoring offences, it operates subtly but powerfully to undermine respect for law as law, to breed antagonism between the police and the public, and to create a feeling of unfreedom.

The restrictions which invade the domain of personal conduct raise a larger question of principle. Personal morals are not the business of the State, any

more than religious beliefs are the business of the State. It is just as illegitimate to seek to restrain by law and penalties personal conduct of which we may disapprove, however deeply we may disapprove of it, as it is to persecute religious heretics. This is an old and well-tried principle. It represents, indeed (despite some flagrant inconsistencies) the main tradition of the English law. We need to revert to this principle; for our present difficulties are due in large measure to departing from it. To take the case of Hyde Park, for instance, the rôle of the police should be limited to preserving public decency—that is to say, to safeguarding passers-by against being shocked by gross misconduct which is public in a real and not merely a technical sense. It should not be their business to search out moral delinquents in corners remote from observation. Once the principle of personal liberty is overridden, the door is opened to abuse. But to get back to this principle calls less for a change of Chief Commissioner than for a change of Home Secretary.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND THE KELLOGG PACT

PARIS, JULY 9TH, 1928.

AS I do not know whether the Foreign Office is so communicative to the London Press as it seems to be to French correspondents in London, it may be useful to say something about the strange and somewhat contradictory semi-official information about the British attitude in regard to the Kellogg Pact that is coming over here. When M. Philippe Berthelot returned from his visit to London, which he was officially supposed to have made solely for the purpose of enjoying the view of Hyde Park from the French Embassy and visiting the night clubs, it was reported here in what are usually described as "well-informed circles" that he had failed in the chief purpose of his mission, which was to obtain the participation of the British Government in a protocol to be annexed to the Pact, in which the French and British reservations would be maintained and the signature of the Pact by the two Governments thereby nullified. This report has now been contradicted. On Saturday the whole Parisian Press published a telegram from the London correspondent of the Havas Agency which was quite plainly based on information supplied by the Foreign Office. It was so important that it may be well to give it in full:—

"It is not the case, as has been stated in certain papers, that the idea of inserting the French and English reservations in a special protocol which would take the form of an annexe to the Kellogg Pact has not been favourably received in London. On the contrary, this suggestion is now being considered by Sir Austen Chamberlain.

"Although at the British Foreign Office they are extremely reserved about the matter, they nevertheless declare that the discussions between the French and English Governments are proceeding satisfactorily and they are convinced that it will be possible to reconcile the French, English and American theses with a view to the signature of the Pact.

"It is added that, before a reply is sent to the United States, it is necessary to make a detailed examination of the obligations to which the English and French Governments will be committed by the Pact. It is, moreover, probable that the London Government will desire clearly to define in the reply that it sends to Washington the engagements by which it is individually bound.

"Further, it is the opinion here that what is above all important is to study the question from the legal point of view, for it is thought necessary to introduce into certain parts of the Kellogg draft juridical precisions at present lacking, and for this reason it is desired to

await the result of a consultation of jurists before replying to Washington.

"Finally, it is not the case that there is a desire here to reply to Mr. Kellogg at the earliest possible moment. The Minister of Foreign Affairs expressed the opinion, as soon as the last American Note was received, that there could be no question of obtaining a rapid result, but that one must rather expect discussions, the necessity of which has become the more apparent after a more thorough examination of the American proposal.

"In authorized quarters in London they are still convinced that an agreement is well on the way to be arrived at, but that a too hasty solution would be detrimental."

Plainly, as I have said, this comes from the Foreign Office. It is impossible to believe that the Havas correspondent could have made such statements, had he not been asked or authorized to make them. It is in fact a semi-official communiqué to the French Press. I may be wrong, but I gathered from what was said by the diplomatic correspondent of the *OBSERVER* yesterday that he had received the same communiqué from the Foreign Office, perhaps on condition that he did not publish it in so many words. The exact text was no doubt meant only for French consumption.

This is a very grave incident. The Foreign Office is leading the French public to believe that the British Government is aiding and abetting the French dilatory tactics, is considering the question of an annexe to the Pact that would reduce it to a farce, is going to propose amendments in the text of the Pact itself, and also apparently make reservations of its own in addition. Is this true or is it not? And, if not, who is responsible for misleading the French public? Further precisions on the subject were given on Saturday by the London correspondent of the *ECHO DE PARIS*, who remarked in a very pointed way that Sir William Tyrrell was "still Under-Secretary of State for a few weeks longer." This morning, however, the same correspondent, who on Saturday said that the idea that the British Government was not in agreement with the French about the reply to Mr. Kellogg had been started in "quarters unfavourable to France," and was untrue, announces that after all the British Government "does not seem willing to lend itself to the French suggestion of including in a common protocol the reservations" of the two Governments. Is this, then, the truth, and whence comes this new information?

The effect of these strange proceedings here is not at all happy. The impression has been given that there is a conflict of opinion in the Foreign Office or between the Foreign Office and the Government, that Sir William Tyrrell—for that, of course, was what the allusion to him of the *ECHO DE PARIS* correspondent meant—wishes to support French policy in the matter and somebody else does not. Let it be clearly understood that I do not say that this impression is justified. It exists and the fact should be known. Perhaps the firm belief, right or wrong, prevalent here that Sir William Tyrrell is for a special Entente with France at all costs has something to do with it. In any case it is about time that we had some authoritative statement about the policy of the British Government in this matter. If the hopes that have been raised in France have no justification, the sooner that is known the better.

There is another point of great importance about which it may be useful to say a word. It will be remembered that the first clause of the French draft of the Pact reserved to the signatories "the exercise of their right of legitimate defence in the framework of the existing treaties, notably when the latter assimilate the violation of certain of their provisions to a hostile act." The reference of the phrase that I have italicized is, of course, particularly to the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles concerning the German

demilitarized zone, by which any alleged violation by Germany of its demilitarization is "assimilated" to a hostile act and justifies France in at once invading Germany without referring the matter to the League of Nations and without even declaring war. These clauses are unfortunately confirmed by the Treaty of Locarno, in which France reserved her right to invade Germany in such a case on her own judgment. The fortification of the new French frontier, on which the present French Government has declared its intention of spending vast sums, is intended, as M. Painlevé has said, to facilitate an offensive in the German demilitarized zone in that event. Great Britain and Italy would not, however, be bound by the Treaty of Locarno to go to the aid of France in such a case without first referring the matter to the League of Nations for a decision on the point whether Germany had really violated the Treaty of Versailles.

Now it is on this point in particular that the French Government wishes to make a reservation to the Kellogg Pact. This is the reservation to which the greatest importance is attached here, and it is this reservation that, according to messages from French correspondents in London with every appearance of being inspired by the Foreign Office, is being favourably considered by Sir Austen Chamberlain. Again one must ask, is this true or is it not? And, if it is not, who is responsible for encouraging the French public to believe it to be true?

The French attitude is, of course, intelligible. I should say that the Kellogg Pact as it stands interferes, to say the least, with the right of France to invade Germany at will without consulting the League of Nations or anybody else. But is it our business or is it to the general interest of Europe to safeguard that right?

ROBERT DELL.

A CHANCE IN CHINA

EVER since the publication of the British Memorandum on China, in December, 1926, the necessity of facing the issues of treaty revision and tariff autonomy has been recognized, with reservations of varying importance, by all the Powers. Great Britain, at any rate, was formally pledged to seize every opportunity of negotiating a settlement. For all the Powers it has been a question of awaiting the psychological moment. That moment arrived when the Nationalists became masters of Peking, but the Powers remain quiescent and apathetic. The difficulties of doing anything effective are so great that they prefer to do nothing; but to do nothing is, at this moment, the most dangerous course of all. Unless the Powers give some unequivocal indication of their intentions within the next week or two, their policy of cautious expectancy will reveal itself as a helpless and hopeless policy of drift.

The Nanking Government is determined to force the issue. It is denouncing all time-expired treaties, promulgating its own conditions for a *modus vivendi* pending the conclusion of new ones, and preparing a formal demand for general treaty revision. With what face can the Powers refuse to negotiate? During the long period of civil war they have steadfastly persisted in recognizing the *de facto* masters of Peking as *de jure* rulers of China. The Kuomintang and their allies are now in Peking. Moreover, recent events have revealed the Kuomintang as the only live political force in China. Chang Tso-lin, the ablest of the Tuchuns, fell because he could not, with all his hard-headed common sense, realize the real driving force that underlay the excesses of Chinese Nationalism. The Northern Confederacy has crumbled: the only two leaders

of importance outside the Kuomintang—Yen Hsi-shan the cautious and Feng Hu-hsiang the erratic—have been obliged to don the Nationalist badge and make common cause with Nanking.

It is quite true that the position remains dangerously unstable. The Nanking Government, their generalissimos Chiang Kai-shek, Feng, and Yen, have yet to agree on a division of the spoils, as represented by national and provincial revenues, governorships, and portfolios. The position of Manchuria has yet to be regularized. Tasks of colossal difficulty await the new Government—a settlement with the generals, the disbandment of the immense armies raised during the civil war, the suppression of banditry, the return of the railways to civilian use, the restoration of Chinese credit by adequate provision for the service of foreign loans, the long over-due reform of the Chinese financial system, and the readjustment of revenues between the Central and provincial Governments.

These things, however, are an argument not for delay, but for action. The Nationalists have put treaty revision in the forefront of their programme, and cannot hope to retain the support of their followers unless they can point to some signs of its accomplishment. They cannot purchase the loyalty of their generals, or make any real progress with the gigantic task of reconstruction, without an increase of revenue and, probably, the raising of new foreign loans. If recognition is not accorded, if negotiations are not resumed, the chances are that the new coalition will break up, the civil war will break out again in a new form; more provinces will fall under the sway of military adventurers or relapse into banditry; new extremist parties will arise, and new incidents, such as those at Nanking or Tsinanfu, will embitter the relations between China and the Powers; the Japanese may be forced into armed intervention for the protection of their Manchurian interests. To wait until China has put her own house in order before negotiating for, at least, a *modus vivendi*, is to put the cart before the horse.

The moment is particularly opportune for a resumption of negotiations because the moderate element in China is showing unexpected strength. The Shanghai Economic Conference of Chinese bankers and merchants has been discussing the problems of reconstruction far-sightedly and fearlessly, and has even presented something like an ultimatum, threatening refusal of loans or taxes unless the more pressing matters, notably disbandment of the armies, are promptly taken in hand. The Conference, be it noted, firmly supported the demand for treaty revision, but there are signs here of a force which, in any negotiations, may act as a counterpoise to the feather-headedness of the generals and the truculence of the extremists. The course of the Manchurian negotiations certainly suggests a new caution and reasonableness in the councils of the Kuomintang, and while Feng will probably play for his own hand, Yen has a good reputation for honesty and common sense.

The greatest obstacle to action is, of course, the lack of unity among the Powers. China is a member of the League, and the good offices of the League, acting in co-operation with the United States, might wisely be invited for the purpose of assisting in the task of financial reconstruction in the hope that this would lead to similar action with regard to other outstanding questions; but if neither this, nor prompt concerted action by the Powers themselves, can be secured, it is time for Great Britain again to show the way. Our interests in China are too great to be sacrificed to the dissensions and hesitations of other States. We have already reaped some benefit, in a notable slackening of anti-British sentiment, from the famous December Memorandum, and the local negotiations that

followed it. We have now a chance of making a still wider, deeper, and more permanent impression on the Chinese mind; but the chance, if not immediately seized, will speedily pass.

What is needed is, first, a clear statement that we will recognize the Nanking Government, or any new Government formed by Nanking in conjunction with Yen and Feng, as the Government of China; secondly, an unequivocal declaration that, for our part, we are ready to enter into immediate negotiations for treaty and tariff revision, and for a *modus vivendi* pending a final settlement. It is likely enough that many of the Chinese demands will be unacceptable, or at any rate unacceptable until the new Government has proved its capacity to keep order and ensure justice; the final settlement of China's external problems may have to wait on the progress of internal reforms; but until the first steps have been taken in the settlement of the external problems, the process of reform cannot even begin. For the first time since the outbreak of the civil war there is a Government which can claim to speak for China as a whole, and the whole of China is behind it in its demand for treaty revision. A prompt response to that demand may enable it to consolidate its position and become strong enough to give effective guarantees; refusal or delay will involve, almost certainly, a relapse into chaos. Are we going to let the opportunity slip?

A SURREY BY-ELECTION

BY AN EPSOM VOTER.

IN Carmarthen, 76 per cent. of the electorate went to the poll; in Holborn, 39 per cent.; in the Epsom Division of Surrey, 51 per cent. The political apathy of the South is disquieting, and it may be worth while to analyze its causes, so far as they can be detected by a Liberal worker in the Epsom election.

First, it may be said that apathy was not the only factor which kept voters away from the polling-booths last week. A considerable number of traditional Conservatives deliberately abstained from voting. Some of these were dissatisfied with the Conservative candidate. There was some trouble in the Party association over the choice of a candidate. Two men resident in the constituency were put forward; neither, it was said, would give way; then, to keep the peace, a lady (the wife of the late Member, now elevated to the peerage) agreed to stand; one male claimant at once withdrew in her favour; the other stood firm, and eventually the lady also withdrew, leaving the persistent gentleman in possession of the field. That, at any rate, was the story that rumour brought to us in the Liberal camp, and similar stories, drifting round our scattered constituency, led no doubt to abstentions on the part of some of those to whom personalities bulk larger than political issues. Other deliberate abstainers among the traditional Conservatives were people who highly disapproved of the Government in general and of Mr. Churchill in particular, but could not bring themselves to vote for the Liberal or the Labour candidate. It is noteworthy that Mr. Churchill has become (in our constituency, if not elsewhere) by far the most prominent and most unpopular figure in the Government. His failure to carry out his promises of economy; his raids on the Road Fund; his petrol tax; his rating scheme, so far as it is understood, are intensely unpopular; and the jugglery over surtax and supertax is causing something very like fury among those who are rich enough to be affected by it. My guess is that a fair number of Epsom Tories voted Liberal

out of disgust with Mr. Churchill, and that a larger number were absent unpaired from the same emotion.

The Labour candidate in our by-election was a lady, and I strongly suspect that some voters who had shown Labour sympathies at previous elections were sufficiently old-fashioned to withdraw their support on account of her sex.

When full allowance has been made, however, for the various motives I have mentioned, it remains obvious that a large portion of the electorate were completely indifferent to all three candidates, and did not vote because they were not interested enough to do so. This apathy is partly attributable to the character of the constituency, which is mainly a dormitory for workers in London. To such people, the important events are those of the metropolis; nothing is news which does not bulk largely in the headlines of the London newspapers; and though they may take a considerable interest in a General Election, they cannot bring themselves to take a by-election seriously. One educated elector told me calmly that he did not feel called upon to vote in "an unimportant by-election." Some, I genuinely believe, were unaware even on polling day that an election was taking place. Meetings in support of all three candidates were sparsely attended; questions were hardly asked at all; there was no excitement and no display of partisan feelings.

No doubt the fact that the seat was regarded as an impregnable Tory stronghold had a good deal to do with the apathy. Not only Tories, but Liberals also, assured me that it was useless to vote, as the result was a foregone conclusion. We had had no Liberal candidate since 1910, we had no organization, there had been a Redistribution Act since we last contested the seat, no one knew how many Liberals there were in the division or where they were to be found. Labour, on the other hand, had fought the last three or four elections, and knew, or thought they knew, where they stood. A prominent Labour man in the constituency—an ex-Member of Parliament—spoke scornfully of our losing our deposit.

In these circumstances, the result was a heartening one for Liberalism. Mr. Parnell Kerr, an excellent man and a real Liberal, but handicapped as a candidate by being completely unknown in the constituency, polled 5,000 votes—over a thousand more than the Labour candidate; while the Tory dropped 7,000 of his predecessor's supporters. It is surely not without significance that 5,000 Liberals emerged, almost uninvited, in this neglected part of Surrey. It means, in my opinion, that with hard work and Mr. Churchill's assistance—with, perhaps, a revival of the protectionist issue—we may give the Conservatives a nasty shock.

Nothing would help us in the Epsom division so much as a recurrence of the protectionist frenzy, which is epidemic in the Tory Party and shows signs of an upward curve towards the coming General Election. The Safeguarding Act and its possible extension was the one subject in which the audiences at the by-election meetings were really interested. Our new Member is a thorough-going Protectionist who speaks with enthusiasm about the benefits of "safeguarding," and hopes to see them extended to many other industries. His constituents, on the other hand, tend to be Free Traders. There are no industries worth mentioning in the Division; the City clerks who form so large a part of the population are Conservative in outlook but dubious about Protection; while the villagers are staunch Free Traders, through a mixture of native shrewdness with bitter traditions of the Hungry Forties. Above all, the electors are really interested in this issue, and there will be a much larger poll next year if it is forced to the front.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Conference of European Liberals was an inspiring event. It was corrective of a too exclusive concern with the prospects of our native Liberalism. We were taken for a time away from the game of calculating party chances and reminded that Liberalism is a thing of world-wide extent and world-wide variety. This word covers parties of every shade of progress, and even parties that do not progress to any extent. The discussions were useful as bringing out quite clearly, in spite of bewildering differences of standpoint, the essential sameness of true Liberalism everywhere as the way of sanity and moderation between two competing forms of extremism. If Liberalism did not exist, the harassed nations of post-war Europe, threatened with one or the other fashionable tyranny, would have to invent it anew. This simple point was put quietly and effectively by Mr. Lloyd George in his notable speech at the luncheon, and it was applied to the economic sphere by Professor Bonn of Berlin in a singularly brilliant address. (As I listened to him I wondered how many Englishmen could speak in a foreign language with the same colloquial ease and command of the finest shades of meaning.) Some of the eminent foreign Liberals seem to have come over naively possessed of the notion, so dear to Mr. MacDonald, that English Liberalism is on its last legs. They discovered that it is very much alive, and well able to sustain the intellectual leadership which ancestry and achievement gave it in the past.

Apart from the three leading Liberal newspapers our journals treated the Conference with ridiculous neglect. The *Times*, for instance, gave it a short and stupid report, which would have been hardly adequate in recording a police-court case. I see that Mr. Duff Cooper has been complaining of the indifference shown towards serious politics—he was speaking particularly of Parliamentary debates—by Press and people. This scurvy treatment of the Liberal Conference is a good illustration, though not one that he would have chosen. There was nothing exciting in the proceedings, it is true; nothing that could compete for notice with Wimbledon or Henley. Yet if an extraordinarily varied and suggestive set of statements of the Liberal view on a score of vital questions of the day is to be contemptuously ignored in this fashion, one is compelled to the conclusion that nothing matters in politics now but personalities, intrigues, and scandals.

The Maxton and Cook revivalist campaign has opened in the congenial atmosphere of Glasgow. The immediate success of the revivalists was very moderate, and it seems that few converts signed the pledge. Mr. Cook attacked "Mondism" in an outburst of characteristic hysteria; while Mr. Maxton, who has been definitely turned down by the Scottish I.L.P., was distinctly minor in key. Mr. Maxton makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he has embarked on a very big job. He admits that if a vote were to be taken of the workers there would be a majority for the "inevitability of gradualness." Maxton and Cook and "Socialism in our time" would be nowhere. If this is true of the rank and file, what of the leaders? They are, of course, with very few exceptions, whether Trade-Union officials or Parliamentary politicians, contemptuously hostile to the revival as a "stunt." The campaign is regarded by orthodox Labour people as mischievously compromising the party in its struggle with the Communists, for whether Mr. Maxton likes it or not—Mr. Cook, no doubt, likes the prospect well enough—it is from Com-

munist that the bulk of support will come. At Glasgow the pious interjections were plainly of Communist origin, though it is difficult to estimate the real temper of these so-called Conferences. The chairman was Mr. David Kirkwood, who behaved with such tyranny in suppressing dissentients and questioners as would have sent him raving mad if applied to himself in the House of Commons. Free speech, as we all know, is a bourgeois superstition. It is easy to see the humorous side of this plea for freedom within the Labour movement by leaders who only agree in their intolerant desire to force their tactics upon everyone else. But it is, I think, a bad mistake to regard the Maxton-Cook crusade as no more than an outlet for restless pugnacity. It corresponds to a vital division of opinion, and is to that extent honest and salutary.

I am glad to see that Lord Hewart refuses to be muzzled by conventional views of his position. There is, I think, no precedent for a judge, much less a Lord Chief Justice, writing a book on a violently controversial subject, and one, in this case, which directly challenges the practice of the Government of the day. It is well known from his previous utterances that Lord Hewart sees no reason why a judge should conceal his opinions. The bench in these days might appear to give judges all the latitude they require, but Lord Hewart does not think so. He is seriously perturbed by the steady approach in this country to what they know abroad as administrative law; the tendency of Governments—and no Administration has gone farther in this direction than Mr. Baldwin's—to pass laws in a rough or unintelligible state and leave their application, which is what matters, to the fiat of the departments. One well-known form which this method takes is to empower a Government department to make orders for the "removal of difficulties," which may cover the power actually to alter the provisions of the statute itself. It is not necessary to suggest that in taking this bold line Lord Hewart is moved by what may be called trade-union jealousies, but it is certainly part of his case that the interpretation of the law is being steadily taken away from the Courts and placed in the hands of bureaucrats in Whitehall. He has already described this process as one by which the servants of the public become its masters—a complaint which rouses an immediate and indignant response in the English breast. It would be unseemly to accuse a Lord Chief Justice of making a bid for popularity, but Lord Hewart will probably become popular in his own despatch.

Some people of a sporting turn seem to find their only interest in politics just now in watching the performances of "Jix." He jumps from one bath of hot water of his own heating to another, and scrambles out again with ungraceful speed. Last week, for instance, he alarmed the Labour Party by his portentous phrase about Lord Byng having obeyed "a stern call of duty" in taking on the Commissionership of Police. Into this phrase, which was probably only one more example of "Jix's" love of striking an attitude, perturbed Labour critics read all sorts of terrible things. They pictured Lord Byng as the cleanser of some suspected Augean stable at Scotland Yard. One would have supposed that the prospect would be pleasing, but then it is the business of the Opposition not to be pleased with anything. "Jix's" phrase has pursued him at question time, and finally he produced one of the finest distinctions ever achieved by a Minister in hot water. He appealed to his tormentors to distinguish between "a stern

call to duty" and "a call to stern duty." It was "Jix," it appears, who made the "stern" call; Lord Byng is merely to do his unqualified duty. Members had a vision of Lord Byng, the terror of the Germans, tremblingly obeying the stern call of "Jix," and the tension dissolved in laughter. The contortions of "Jix" engaged in his customary occupations of explaining himself away are certainly the best comic turn Parliament provides in these dull times.

* * *

The popular excitement on behalf of Mrs. Pace, hysterical though it was, seems to me to have been creditable. There was everything to justify it. The long-drawn proceedings in the coroner's court—surely entirely unnecessary beyond determining the cause of death—the insistence upon the jury naming Mrs. Pace against their strong reluctance to do so; the character of the dead man and his treatment of his wife; these things, added to the absence all along of any directly incriminating evidence, created a very strong wave of sympathy for this wretched woman. The sympathy was, perhaps, expressed with a dangerous violence, but that was largely the fault of the sensational Press, which invariably spoils a good thing. One of Mrs. Pace's champions in the House of Commons went too far in attempting to force the Government to pay her compensation; after all, she had a fair trial, and it would never do to establish the principle that an acquitted person is entitled to be compensated. It would be more to the point if the Government would consider seriously whether the procedure of coroner's inquiries in such cases is not in need of revision. It has often happened that the coroner's inquiry has become a preliminary and largely superfluous trial of a suspected person. The job of the coroner and his jury is to ascertain the cause of death; the question of whether criminal proceedings are to follow might be left in other hands, and not prejudged, as happens sometimes, notably in the Pace case, probably against the judgment of the police.

* * *

Who is our best after-dinner orator? I have just read Lord Birkenhead's speech at the dinner for the Oxford Preservation Trust, and on reflection I am inclined to give him first place. The after-dinner orator, like the journalist, must be able to adorn any and every subject with the graces of an apparent conviction and an attractive style. Lord Birkenhead is not, I think, a good journalist; he is one of those politicians whose charm leaves them when they take to the pen. After a satisfactory dinner and in congenial company he is, however, wonderful in flow and resource. Some days ago I heard him at the Balfour Forest dinner, deliver, obviously without preparation, a most brilliant eulogy of the achievements of the Jews in history and religion. He speaks with sympathetic cordiality, and also with precision, on anything from cigars to things of the spirit; I suppose the professional agility of the Bar has something to do with it. Lord Birkenhead first achieved fame through vituperation—and in the House of Lords, when irritated by virtue, he can still make a pretty performance in that line—but he is mellowing, and nowadays a certain benevolence characterizes him, which derives an added piquancy from his reputation as the wasp of politics.

* * *

I see, from the *LABOUR MAGAZINE*, that the result of the appeal by the Communists to the rank and file for funds to run candidates at the next election has resulted, up to date, in the collection of £61 2s. 6½d. Well, this will pay nearly half the deposit of one candidate. Every little helps.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

YOUTH AND WAR

SIR,—Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson asks: "What is the attitude of youth in England towards war? . . . Are they waiting till they are told the time has come for another war and then prepared to flock to it?"

As a young man who was too young to enlist in the Great War, I hasten to assure your distinguished correspondent that we in England are not behind our brothers in Germany in preparing for peace. Of course, it would be foolish to assert that British *youth as a whole* had for ever turned its back upon war; but as year by year we recede from the organized insanity of 1914-18, an increasing number of young men and women in these islands are enlisting in an aggressive and constructive campaign for peace—not because we are afraid of the horrors of war, but because we have come to the conclusion that war is unnecessary and futile.

Here, by my hand, is an article written by a young man—I know him: a splendid type of fellow!—in one of the magazines run by the two dozen or more national youth organizations who have definitely linked themselves with the peace movement in this country. One sentence is typical: "Military training in its modern form is a prostitution of youth's natural love of comradeship, honour, and adventure, to the purposes of international, financial, armament, and similar interests which profit from the massacre and misery of war."

Young people's clubs and societies all over the country—religious, educational, political—are giving increasing attention to the question as to whether war has any moral or other sanction whatever. National and international Youth Camps and Summer Schools crowd on each other during the warmer months with this subject at the top of their programme. In every University and University College throughout Great Britain there is a branch of the British Universities League of Nations Society. In London and the provinces alike the last few months have seen the rapid rise of Youth Groups formed by local branches of the League of Nations Union.

Youth is on the march! Let the older generation of cynical statesmen and confirmed militarists who still breathe the pestilential atmosphere of 1913, take heed lest their persistent postponement of all sincere efforts to organize for world-peace should place them in the ludicrous position of having to fight out their own quarrels themselves!—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE J. JOYCE,
Hon. Secretary,

London Youth Groups Committee,
League of Nations Union.

July 10th, 1928.

TARIFFS AND GENEVA

SIR,—In the article headed "Tariffs and Geneva," in your issue of the 30th ult., Mr. Layton does the National Union of Manufacturers an injustice in suggesting that we are opposed to greater freedom for international trade.

If I saw any prospect of equal opportunities resulting in the near future from the efforts of the World Economic Conference, I for one would be disposed to advise the Union to wait developments for a time, but the position of our trade is too serious to permit us to stand still while well-meaning delegates at Geneva are developing theses and exchanging *pourparlers*, which have not in our opinion the remotest prospect—in any time that matters—of obtaining for the present generation of British manufacturers equal conditions in the matter of tariffs and of the removal of hindrances to imports.

It is all very well to say that some countries have refrained from setting up tariffs proposed a year ago, and that some increases have been abandoned or rejected—we all know that tariff programmes are never realized in full—but the outstanding consideration is that tariffs are on the whole higher than a year ago, and such modifications as have been secured are largely due rather to the threat of, or the fear of, retaliation by nations in a position to retaliate and to the

danger of stimulating the movement for tariff reform here than to the influence of the World Economic Conference.

It may very well be, as Mr. Layton suggests, that there is a reaction in some countries abroad—even if they are not the most important commercially—against the high tariffs, which Mr. P. J. Hannon is not alone in the National Union of Manufacturers in thinking a hindrance to commerce, but this is not to say that any of these countries—as long as they have an open market here—have the most shadowy intention of giving our manufacturers, I do not say equal opportunities in their own markets, but opportunities even approaching those we give to them in this market.

This being the conviction—not of the National Union of Manufacturers only, but of the large majority of British manufacturers—we have no intention of permitting our market, so far as we have it in our power to prevent it, remaining indefinitely the sole dumping ground for the surplus products of the world.

We appreciate the well-intentioned efforts of our representatives at the World Economic Conference to secure something of an approach towards more equal conditions in world trade for our manufacturers, but we cannot fail to remember that for seventy years we have been holding up the banner of Free Trade to an unappreciative world, and we think that the time has come when we should see what we can do to induce our competitors to give us something more approaching reciprocity by making it clear to them that, if they are going to keep their doors closed to our manufacturers, their goods will no longer have free access to our market.

We unfortunately have to live in a world of reality, not in a world of ideals, and, as our Ambassador in Madrid sorrowfully confessed at the Barcelona Chamber of Commerce in 1926, after trying to bargain (with nothing to give away) in order to obtain some amelioration of the prohibitive duties imposed by Spain on our exports, "a free trade country is clearly at a disadvantage in negotiations with a high tariff country." If Sir Horace Rumbold had then been able to threaten an increase in the duties on Spanish exports to this country—which are of much greater value than our exports to Spain—he would not have had to admit that he saw but small prospect of any check to the decline of British trade with Spain which had been a feature of the last few years.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. CORCORAN,

Director, National Union of Manufacturers.

6, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

July 9th, 1928.

INSURANCE ADVERTISING

SIR,—THE NATION has done valuable work on behalf of life assurance, and your special articles and insurance supplements have no doubt largely contributed to the greater attention now paid to this subject. Your latest supplement pleads for more advertising and publicity by insurance companies of the benefits they can offer. Unfortunately the advertisements given in your supplement cannot be held up as a model of truth, or, at least, fairness in advertising. A well-known company on the front page implies under the heading "A Hard Fact" that £1,000 left to a widow is insufficient to provide her with an unfurnished room and a daily ration of a loaf of bread and quart of milk. This is based on the assumption that the £1,000 is invested at 5 per cent. per annum. We have only to turn a few pages further on to find another company pointing out that at the age of sixty-five £1,000 yields 11.2 per cent. per annum. The income of a widow from £1,000 depends on her age, and in many cases might be double the 2s. 9d. per day indicated, and it is disingenuous to give the income which £1,000 would yield *in perpetuity*. (I do not criticize here the estimate of 3s. a day for a loaf of bread, a quart of milk, and a room, but might point out that the "minimum physiological needs" of a family of five sons have recently been estimated by Professor V. H. Mottram at 5s. 11d. per day, and that the average earnings of females in 1924 was throughout British industry, according to the MINISTRY OF LABOUR GAZETTE, July, 1927, only 3s. 11d. per day.)

This is not the only example of insurance advertising. We are told on page 275 that after thirty years one's "total deposits" on the assumption of a net annual outlay of £30 9s. 9d. will amount to £914 12s. 6d., and on page 273 that

the "net cost" of an annual sum of £19 4s. will be in the thirtieth year £576, *i.e.*, in each case thirty times the annual deposit. It is obvious that if the sums "deposited" with the Insurance Company were "deposited" instead with, *e.g.*, a building society, they would amount not to £914 and £576, but at, say, 5 per cent. interest per annum to £2,025 and £1,275 respectively, which somewhat reduces the profit or surplus accruing to the policy-holder. This habit of neglecting the operation of compound interest from the point of view of the policy-holder, but of taking full account of it in giving the advantages offered by the companies is very prevalent. The "amount of £1 per annum" has a definite meaning to an actuary, but a different meaning when used in an insurance advertisement.

Finally, an advertisement on page 269 states that a man of sixty-five with £2,000 invested gets only £100 per annum, but by buying an annuity he gets £271. This is, no doubt, perfectly true, but should it not be pointed out that in the first case he is able to leave his widow and dependants £2,000, and in the second case nothing?

Life assurance has nothing to lose by stating its case fully and fairly without exaggeration and without suppression of material facts.—Yours, &c., J. W. NIXON.

43, Route de Chêne, Geneva.

June 14th, 1928.

WHAT IS A MANDATE?

SIR,—It seems difficult to argue that the effective "sovereignty" in a mandated territory is not that of the Mandatory Power. It would certainly not promote good government to encourage the inhabitants of the territory to think otherwise.

The control of the League of Nations over the Mandatory Powers seems to depend in the last resort on their power to transfer any mandate into other hands. I have no copy of the Treaty of Versailles by me, but I was certainly under the impression that mandates were only tenable at the will of the League, and so long as the Mandatory Power governed in accordance with the principles laid down. If the mandate can be transferred, talk about "sovereignty" can do little harm; if the mandate is irrevocable, the distinction between a mandate and annexation is so slight that it will soon disappear.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. HOBHOUSE.

2a, Grove Park, Liverpool.

July 6th, 1928.

THE PASSING OF LEAR'S FOOL

SIR,—In Mr. Blunden's very ingenious article on "The Madness of Lear," he remarks casually that "The Fool, apparently, dies soon after his disappearance from the action"; and thereby repeats a frequent misunderstanding. Lear says clearly in his last speech, "And my poor fool is hanged." Why, then, with that explicit statement before them, have the commentators persisted in identifying this "poor fool" with Cordelia, and in saying that we do not know what happened to Lear's faithful companion?

It is true that Cordelia also had been hanged, and her father had cried his lamentations over her; but here was a further wanton brutality; and in the passionate utterance of his last despair, while catastrophe was overwhelming him, would not that culminating cruelty of life—even his innocent Fool could not be spared!—have been the last touch of his sustained and exquisite torture?

Moreover, Shakespeare liked to round off the destinies of his leading characters. We had just been informed of the death of the villainous Edward, leaving only the fate of the Fool untold; and the Jacobean audience, caught (as are we) by the force and interest of the timeless tragedy, would certainly have wanted to know the final destiny of the brave, shrewd, witty, and crack-brained boy who, in spite of all the miseries and dangers which encompassed his master, remained sweetly loyal until the end. And in the "tough world," on which King Lear was racked, was not the hangman's noose the right reward for such childlike fidelity?—Yours, &c.,

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Savage Club, Adelphi, W.C.2.

July 7th, 1928.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ORDINARY MEN

By L. B. NAMIER.

STUDY circles of working men, when asked what subject they would like to take, almost invariably answer with a request for "economic history." Political history, they reason, is about kings and statesmen and wars, while they want to learn about "the likes" of themselves—as all the other classes and professions did before them. But how much of that desire is satisfied by stories about the enclosures, the spinning jenny, the Poor Law, the Factory Acts, or the Free Trade controversy? They are landed once more in the sphere of legislative enactments and of Government measures; for these are "documented" and can be easily dished up, whereas the tale of those ordinary men and women about whom they want to know, is buried in casual remarks, in crevices of unknown texts—pins in hayricks. In the correspondence of the upper classes remarks occasionally occur which throw a flood of light on the life and condition of "the lower orders," but will anyone ever collect and blend them into a picture? Why, even a history of the rank and file of what may best be described as "the political nation" is seldom attempted; biographies of famous men still hold the field, though hero-worship is no longer the creed of the writers. But then a biography has well-defined limits, a natural sequence and an established practice, and can be compiled by an individual writer in a reasonably short time; nor is it attempted unless materials are ready to hand. Lastly, the public is accustomed to read biographies, and so they continue to be produced.

In biographies, as in plays, the central figures act and speak, the others being mere dummies in the background, "citizens," "soldiers," &c. In most cases the biographer does not profess an exclusive interest in the psychology of his "hero" and would not deny the importance of the men who surround him; and yet they remain a dark, dumb, nameless crowd. We have written about Parliamentary leaders and great administrators, and more or less ignored those whom they led and with or through whom they had to do their work, the individual Members of Parliament, the Civil Servants, &c. We have written about changes in methods of production, the rise of modern finance, trade statistics, but very seldom about the men behind these developments, the merchants who turned manufacturers or bankers, the landowners who became mining adventurers, &c. Now the heroes of biography are often approached in a sceptical, would-be humorous, depreciatory manner, and this is the main tangible expression of the doubt which besets the writers as to whether these men truly deserve the prominence they receive. The outstanding figures are reduced to ordinary dimensions, but continue to fill the picture, mainly because information about them can be easily obtained. Still, what can one expect from the lonely student, not given even the most elementary help (e.g., of a secretary or an assistant to do for him some of the more mechanical work) or the necessary leisure for his researches, as usually he is compelled to earn his living by teaching? Is he to attempt to cross an ocean in a boat of the most primitive construction? Our interests and requirements have changed and broadened, we want to know about the life of crowds, to hear symphonies and not arias, and then a single virtuoso is invited to perform them. Occasionally we take refuge in collective works and fondly expect "fifty men to make a centipede"; more often than not, these attempts at joint and yet individual work end in failure. Historical research to this day remains unorganized

and the historian is expected to make his own instruments or do without them; and so with wooden ploughs we continue to draw lonely furrows, most successfully when we strike sand.

The biography of the ordinary man cannot be profitably attempted unless one writes the history of a crowd. It would not pay to go through hundreds of volumes of manuscripts and many thousands of books, merely to fish out some twenty documents or passages about one man. Proper returns cannot be obtained from the work except by following up many threads, by establishing the average and selecting the typical. The student has to get acquainted with the lives of thousands of individuals, with an entire ant-heap, see its files stretch out in various directions, understand how they are connected and correlated, watch the individual ants, and yet never forget the ant-heap. An interesting piece of research into economic history could be done by studying the lives of the members of any great trading company in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, or, say, of the directing personnel of the East India House. But most of all there is that marvellous microcosmos of English social and political life, that extraordinary club, the House of Commons. For centuries it has been the goal of English manhood, and besides those who found seats in it on the strength of a tradition or of a quasi-hereditary right, there were in every House many scores of men for whom its membership set the crown (and often the coronet) on achievements and success in other walks of life. Generals, admirals, and pro-consuls entered it, business men who had made their fortunes and now aspired to social advancement, Civil Servants, lawyers, and political wirepullers who tried to raise their professional status, &c. The rise of "interests" and classes can be traced through the personnel of the House of Commons, the forms of English gregarious existence can be studied, the social structure of England is reflected in it, the presence or decay of independent political life in localities and counties can be watched in their representation. When the sons of peers or leading country gentlemen begin to invade the representation of boroughs, it is clear that Parliament is becoming the governing body; when the brewers, clothiers, and ironmasters start acquiring seats in the House, it is obvious that fortunes are being made in these branches of trade, and that the early capitalists have made their appearance; by the number of West Indians in the House one can measure the prosperity of the "sugar islands"; when numerous families of country gentlemen, who for generations had sat in it, withdraw from the House of Commons, one can guess that agricultural rents are falling—on a careful inquiry it will be found that the coming in of American wheat has wrought a greater change in the composition of the British House of Commons than the first two Reform Acts. From the "circular letter," the whip which in the eighteenth century was sent to Government Members at the opening of the session, one can learn a good deal about political groupings; about 1750, independent country gentlemen sitting "in their own right" received it usually from the leader of the House, relatives or retainers of politically prominent peers through them, members of professional groups through their chiefs (naval officers through the First Lord of the Admiralty, lawyers through the Lord Chancellor, Government contractors and financiers through the Secretary to the Treasury, &c.), and lastly, in one or two cases, territorial managers made their appearance.

We have discussed kings and statesmen and wars, and when desirous to show our appreciation of "progress"—institutions, inventions, and "reforms." But how much do we know about the real political life of the country,

even about that body which before the eyes of the nation has for centuries shaped its joint existence? How much do we know about the Members of the Long Parliament, or about the changes which came over the House between the accession of George III. and the voting of the First Reform Act? When did local citizens disappear from the representation of most small provincial boroughs, when did rich City merchants begin to plant themselves out on them, when did provincial business men of the new type start entering the House in considerable numbers? When did national politics become the dominant issue in elections, when and how have parties got the upper hand over individual candidates? When was the loyalty of the average elector transferred from organic constituencies to party organizations? In the eighteenth century as many excuses had to be made for "disturbing the peace" of a county or borough, as in our time for starting a war, and every candidate in an election contest naturally tried to prove that it was not he who was the aggressor, but that his opponent, by an inexcusable disregard of his "just pretensions," had forced a contest on him, in which he himself confidently relied on the fairness of his neighbours to secure his victory. The idea that constituencies should be contested for the political education of the electorate, was as alien to the eighteenth century as would be to us a proposal that the summer manoeuvres of our army should take the form of a three-days' battle with that of some other nation. Even about the middle of the nineteenth century, in a good many constituencies the local issues still predominated, and, *e.g.*, the Radicals could form an almost separate body in the House without producing any considerable number of triangular contests, for the battle was not fought on a national scale. Without underrating the value of work on what is called the political history of the British nation, one might wish that at least a start should be made with a history of the British "political nation." And a biographical history of the House of Commons, covering the seven centuries of its existence, could well supply the spade work for such a new venture along lines consonant with the general change in our outlook and interests.

Parliamentary histories based on the biographies of Members have been attempted for various counties, and much of this work has been done by real scholars. Useful as these books undoubtedly are, they suffer from the following of "vertical" lines—what has Adam Fitz-Richard, returned for Liverpool in 1295, in common with some big merchant of the eighteenth century, or with George Canning who represented Liverpool 1812-1828? By taking counties or single constituencies, one can study, *e.g.*, the degree of heredity in their representation, but one touches merely the outskirts of political life, and cannot properly follow up the personal connections even of the Members in question, for these extended in most cases far beyond the borders of their constituency or county. Much better results could be reached by doing the work "horizontally"—an attempt of that kind seems to have been planned by Mr. Pink, one of the greatest antiquaries of our time, who collected biographical material about the Members of the Long Parliament but died without having published anything on the subject. The student of Parliamentary biography whose work is limited to one period but extends over the entire country, can do what is impossible for those working on vertical lines—he can plunge into the mass of manuscript and printed material extant for his period and obtain from it a living picture of the men. Still, no such study of one single period can fully realize its aim unless

similar studies, on the same plan, are available for other periods; only by comparison can we gauge movement and correctly define its nature.

In short, the task cannot be undertaken by individual researchers, working independently of each other. It has to be organized on a national scale, given national standing, and financed from national resources. A central organization is required, an editorial board composed of experts and working under the auspices of a Parliamentary Committee, co-operating with various county organizations, with bodies such as the editors of "The Complete Peerage," with scholars working on the biographies of members of universities, colleges, or schools, with other experts specializing in cognate subjects. "A Dictionary of Parliamentary Biography" should be compiled, but based on periods and not on the alphabet. The entity and individuality of consecutive Houses has to be clearly preserved, for the pageant of history must not be arranged under capital letters like the luggage on the pier at Liverpool. The value of such work executed on a sufficiently large scale and according to the highest standards of scholarship, could hardly be exaggerated. It would be a "Who's Who" of politics and social life throughout the ages, the most indispensable reference book for everyone engaged on English political history and for every editor of historical manuscripts—and it would save us from having to do the same work over and over again, often without sufficient means or knowledge. But of equal or perhaps even greater importance would be the attempt inherent in that work to organize historical research, and last but not least, the training which the work would give to younger collaborators. It is difficult to imagine a better preparation for history work on any given period than a study of the lives of the men of that time, in the course of which a proper knowledge of the available materials would naturally be acquired.

It is therefore much to be wished that the proposals of the Parliamentary deputation representing some four hundred Members of the present House of Commons, which Colonel Wedgwood will lead on July 17th to Mr. Baldwin, should receive the sympathetic consideration of the Government and the Treasury.

SPANISH ART AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB

IN view of its being the centenary of Goya's death the Burlington Fine Arts Club have endeavoured to make Goya the centre of their annual exhibition. The result shows how little his art has been appreciated in this country, for there is nothing here that gives the full measure of his genius. There is one of his tapestry designs, "El Medico," which shows his power of attaining decorative unity by forceful and significant simplification, and there is a fine portrait of his brother-in-law, Bayeu; and there is the celebrated portrait of the Duke of Wellington. The latter is not very intimately understood, but the Bayeu gives an idea of the searching quality of his sensibility to formal character. Perhaps a better idea of Goya's personality can be gathered by a study of the etchings and lithographs, of which there are some early and rare proofs. The catalogue contains an admirable essay by Mr. Constable on Goya's art which rectifies a good many commonly accepted ideas of his character and situation in the public life of his day.

Perhaps in part the rather feeble effect made on one by the Goyas is due to the position which Velasquez takes in this exhibition. The walls of the Burlington Fine Arts Club are annually hung with works of the greatest historical and often of very considerable æsthetic interest, but in the nature of things it is comparatively rarely that they offer for our admiration one of the world's great masterpieces. And such, to my mind, is the "Lady in a Mantilla" (No. 28). Though her name is unknown, her face is familiar to us through another Velasquez, the "Lady with a fan," at Hertford House. Both these portraits were excluded from Velasquez's *œuvre* by Beructe. One need not be too much surprised at this because both have a quality which is hardly found elsewhere in Velasquez's portraits.

Whether it was a kind of defence against the exigencies of his post as Court painter or an innate aloofness of character, Velasquez always saw his sitters with a strangely indifferent eye, an eye which estimated everything but judged nothing. He does not seem so much to reject any psychological implications of the forms before him as to be altogether insensitive to them. No doubt all real artists, as opposed to professional portraitists—and Velasquez, whatever his official position, remained a pure artist—no doubt all real artists concentrate entirely on the visual appearance before them. They do not formulate psychological judgments and then express them; but none the less, some unconscious reaction to the personality which moulds the face and hands and controls the movements makes itself felt in the choice of pose and in subtle accentuations or suppressions. And it is the absence of this which is so remarkable in Velasquez's portraits. But before this particular woman Velasquez seems to have dropped his defences and allowed himself a more intimate approach. It is impossible to explain wherein this difference lies, but there is something of a passionate approval of the forms, a caressing quality in the contour such as we find in Raphael or Ingres, a more anxious contemplation of the modelling.

But whether the impression I am trying to convey is just or not, it can hardly be denied that these two are, if not the finest, yet among the finest of Velasquez's portraits. For that unusual interest did not betray Velasquez into any merely descriptive aberrations. Everything is transmuted by the intensity of his idea. How complete this imaginative fusion of the actual appearances is can be almost measured in the present exhibition through a coincidence of hanging. The Duke of Devonshire's "Lady" hangs between two portraits by El Greco. One could have sworn that El Greco was more likely than almost anyone to transmute all that he touched by the alchemy of his intensely marked and personal style, and yet in both these portraits I find something left over from the crude appearance, something descriptive rather than creative, in the expression of the faces, something that draws us back to the reality that lay behind the pictures. In the Velasquez though it is more naturalistic in the sense that it conforms more nearly to the general laws of appearance, everything belongs equally and entirely to the world of ideal creations. Though wearing so much the air of actual life, it is entirely cut off from that; self-subsistent in its own world.

Beside this even Velasquez's other works sink to a secondary place, though the portrait of his Moorish servant is a marvel of formal comprehension and exquisite taste. Though he never sinks below a certain level, Velasquez's inspiration was intermittent, and it was rarely that his imagination was keyed to the pitch of the Devonshire and Wallace portraits.

ROGER FRY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A CHARADE arranged by someone who has been to the Piscator Theatre in Berlin is the impression left by the Gate Theatre production of "Six Stokers Who Own the Bloomin' Earth." Everything possible is done to make a very dull play seem lively—cinema, gramophone, young ladies dancing above the audience's heads, invitations to the audience to cheer and boo, and scenery *à la* Meierhold. The Piscator Theatre uses similar methods to attract the public to dreary propagandist plays. Though every mechanical device is installed there and no expense is spared, the result is boredom. The Gate Theatre has not the advantage of being handsomely supported by the Third International; it has no revolving stages; and the possibility of providing bizarre effects is accordingly limited. But all the machinery and all the ingenuity in the world could not have made "Six Stokers" anything but a crushing bore. I wish Mr. Peter Godfrey would give his attractive constructivist décor a better chance. "The Tragic Muse" at the Arts Theatre is hardly more dramatic. But it is a lot more interesting. For Henry James's novel dealt with a possible dramatic theme, a man and a woman in love with each other, but equally unable to give up their careers and ambitions. Mr. Hubert Griffiths's dramatization was respectable but not brilliant. He made the aspiring actress recite at far too great length, and omitted to show us the old "star" guying her absurdities. The first and last acts contained effective scenes, the second act was never dramatic at all. Miss Edith Evans struggled with a good part, for which she was not at all suited, and the most telling performance was given by Miss Una O'Connor in the very rewarding, though short, rôle of old Madame Carré.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" achieved its reformative purpose many years ago, and must now be regarded more or less as a museum piece. This is a pity, for it is a sober and moving piece of work, but by paying less attention to human character than to his target of solitary confinement Mr. Galsworthy inevitably deprived his play of the immortality it might otherwise have gained. Not a single person in it lives, from Falder himself to the convicts one sees parading up-stage in the prison scene. They are not human beings, but types—types as clearly and truly defined as Mr. Galsworthy knows how, but of individuality they have none. One feels that one knows nothing about them except what Mr. Galsworthy makes them say about themselves; one gains no insight into their private lives, their minds. For this reason I have sometimes wondered whether a stylized production of "Justice" would be effective. Probably not, because the symbolism is expressed so largely in terms of photographic realism, but the experiment would be interesting. The present revival at Wyndham's Theatre suffers from the fact that the two central characters are unsuitably cast. I could name a dozen young actors (Falder *must* be young) who could play Falder better than he is played here, and there is no excuse for making Ruth Honeywell a smartly dressed woman-about-town. Mr. Maurice Evans gives two first-rate performances as the prison doctor and the counsel for the defence in the trial scene; Messrs. Austin Trevor and Hylton Allen also display their protean capabilities.

I find "My Lady's Mill," the new Phillpotts play at the Lyric, rather disagreeable. One could overlook the eternal harping on the doubtful humours of spinsterdom in "Yellow Sands" and "The Farmer's Wife," because those plays were undeniably funny, and contained many delicious rustic epigrams. "My Lady's Mill," on the other hand, is hardly funny at all, and although there is the usual eccentric old man, whom one naturally associates with Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, but is here played quite as well by Mr. Reginald Bach, this time he is not a reprobate, and he makes no jokes. This, it was instructive to observe, passed unnoticed by the first-night audience, who shrieked and yelled every time Mr. Bach opened his mouth. It is indeed extraordinary what a reputation can do for a playwright. "The Farmer's Wife" failed at the start, but was boomed into a winner. True, it deserved to succeed.

but the measure of its success was out of all proportion to its merits. "Yellow Sands" was not as good, but had a long run, and required no booming. And now, apparently, "My Lady's Mill" will run for months and months, simply because audiences will go to it with a fixed intention to laugh, shutting their eyes and ears to the fact that there is very little to laugh at, that its technique is puerile, and its theme, as I say, rather disagreeable. Well, well!

Diaghileff has given us two more new ballets at His Majesty's Theatre. "Les Meninas" is a feeble affair with music by Fauré and choreography (such as there is) by Massine. There are handsome costumes by Sert, hoops and headdresses like those worn by Velasquez's Infantas, but even larger. There was one good moment when the two ladies bent over their gallants like vast butterflies settling on small flowers. One remembered Rémy de Gourmont's stories of insects whose females are eighteen times the size of the males. But "Las Meninas" is not so much a ballet as a *tableau vivant* which does not keep quite still. "Ode," on the other hand, is enchanting, one of the prettiest spectacles I have ever seen. The music, at a first hearing, seemed too heavy. But it had the pronounced rhythm so necessary to ballet. The theme is taken from a poem by Lomonosoff (1711-1766), hymning the wonders of Nature. Massine's choreography is excellent, and Tchelitcheff and Charbonnier show extreme ingenuity and elegance in the décor. There is no painted scenery, but telling effects are procured by the use of electric torches, white ropes, spot-lights, puppets, veils, and cinematographic projections. To anyone unfamiliar with recent tendencies in French painting, the spectacle may seem very arbitrary. Indeed it is: but, I think, delightfully so. Contemporary artists are usually frightened of prettiness. Diaghileff is to be congratulated on having found one who can exploit this quality with so sure a taste. We are also grateful to him for reviving "Noces," "Pas d'Acier," "Pulcinella," and "Midnight Sun," four of his best productions. But in this last Danilova's great beauty could not make up for the absence of Lopokova, with her expressive face and those delightful elbows.

There is a pleasant exhibition at Cooling's Galleries, 92, New Bond Street, of Recent Paintings by Members of the London Artists' Association, which, though containing no very "important" works, has an air of freshness and spontaneity and shows some promising work by some of the new and younger members. Mr. Vivian Pitchforth's painting (he shows here three pictures, a landscape, a flower-piece, and "Tennis-Players," a figure composition), if a little inclined to be heavy in treatment and rather dull in colour, shows great seriousness and solidity of design. Mr. Raymond Coxon, also, is a very sincere worker, and his "Midday" shows considerable feeling for formal values. Mr. Douglas Davidson has only one painting here—a very charming "Still Life" of amusingly assorted objects, well painted and excellent in colour. Among the work of the older members Mr. Duncan Grant shows three paintings, two sketches of harbours with ships—one of which, "La Ciotat" is particularly attractive—and a rather disappointing flower painting, "Roses." One of the best pictures here is Mrs. Vanessa Bell's "The Open Window"; her "Haycart" also has great charm, but is less interestingly painted. Mr. William Roberts's "The Paddock" is stimulating and full of life.

I am glad that the Aldershot Command and District Horse Show has become an established annual event, and I spent a very happy afternoon on Wednesday in the Rushmoor Arena. An outstanding item was a Musical Ride by the 1st King's Dragoon Guards in full dress, which took the mind back to the days before the universal khaki. They looked very picturesque as they entered the ring, led by a dignified grey horse carrying kettle drums. At the right moment the sun shone forth upon brass helmets and red tunics. So good was the performance, a sort of equine dance to the strains of the band, that the four-footed chorus seemed to act without human aid, an illusion not to be

obtained without much patience at rehearsal. An example of competitive skill was given by Royal Horse Artillery gun teams at the gallop against time, passing between narrow gates and posts. I did not see the whole of this, but I think one gun got through without a fault. All those responsible for the organization of the Horse Show are to be heartily congratulated, and I should like to record my personal thanks to Captain Sharp for his hospitality.

Miss Brigitte Helm, who took the part of the mechanical woman in that remarkable film "Metropolis," is undoubtedly among the few really good screen actresses of the present moment, and is certainly one of the most beautiful. In "A Daughter of Destiny" (trade-shown last week) she takes the part of a girl, daughter of a notorious criminal and murderer, who is adopted in infancy by a biologist as a study in criminal heredity. Brought up in a convent, she displays there the combined qualities of complete innocence and complete heartlessness, which she continues to manifest, after she has run away from the convent, towards a succession of admirers, and eventually towards the scientist himself, whom she discovers by accident to be not her real father and to have adopted her merely as a scientific experiment. He also has fallen a victim to her charms, but she has her revenge by ruining him effectually and then deserting him. One supposes that he might console himself by the startling success of his experiment. The story is made interesting by the intelligent production of Henrik Galeen, and by the extremely good acting of Brigitte Helm and of Paul Wegener in the part of the scientist.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, July 14th.—

Royal Academy of Music production of "Madame Butterfly," at the Scala.

Professor P. J. Noel Baker on "The Olympic Games: British Hopes at Amsterdam," the Wireless, 7.25.

Sunday, July 15th.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "The Function of Newspapers," South Place, 11.

"Down Wind," by Mr. C. Dudley Ward, at the Arts Theatre.

Monday, July 16th.—

Mr. E. M. Forster on "Railway Bridges," the Wireless, 9.15.

Tuesday, July 17th.—

"The Farmer's Wife," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, at the Court.

Wednesday, July 18th.—

"Many Waters," by Mr. Monckton Hoffe, at the Ambassadors.

Thursday, July 19th.—

Yale University Glee Club, Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.30. OMICRON.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE ATHENÆUM, JULY 16TH, 1828.

ON THE DECLINE OF EPIC POETRY

So far as poetry is one of the luxuries of modern refinement, as it is valued for its more elegant expression of sentiment, or, in short, for any of the excellencies which it owes to its cultivation by critics or grammarians; so far it is like them, one of the imitative arts. But it exists before it becomes an art. It is among men, and its power is felt by them before they think of imitating its voice, or employing its divine language to express a counterfeit passion. Its principles are the deep, pure, and vital thoughts of man's heart,—the aspirations of his spirit reasserting its birthright,—the sympathies of his full and perfect nature with the love of Heaven, and the Heaven-like things of earth; and their expression, their first free and glorious expression, is the overflowing gladness of devout hearts, or the fervent exhortations of heroic souls. Thus poetry has an existence coeval with the being of the whole race of intellectual creatures. It is the innate thought and language of all high and glorious spirits; and its mightiest power is shown, before it is recognized as a distant object of artificial study.

VULTURES

UNUTTERABLY high the vultures wheel
In tireless circles round,
Lost in a sky as hard as tempered steel
Which showers the tortured ground
With waves of merciless, revengeful heat,
On aching field and dust-foul street.

Unutterably high, . . . to them we must
Be sordid things for pity,
We men who crawl about amid the dust
In glaring road or city,
Pacing our little mile or two and then
Back to our bricked-in holes again.

Theirs is the Earth, the giant deep-leafed trees,
The rock-strewn mountain peaks,

The scrub-floored plain where sobs the patient breeze,
The shore the river seeks;
The fecund jungle and the barren waste
Are theirs to hurry past or taste.

Theirs is the Earth, and theirs the untaught air
Where all the winds may croon,
The tireless space which undefined they share
With stars and sun and moon,
Searching the far, dwarfed earth with blinkless eyes
From the impenetrable skies.

Free of the Earth, free of the air, they glide
In rhythm with the dawn,
Watching and watching what the jungles hide
And where the chasms yawn;
Until they plunge, these brothers of the sun,
Down to their feast of carrion.

A. R. U.

London Amusements.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.) NIGHTLY, at 8.15.
Matinees, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2.30.
"PLUNDER." A New Farce, by Ben Travers.
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COURT (Sloane 5137.) TUESDAY NEXT, at 8.15.
(FOUR WEEKS ONLY.) MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.15.
"THE FARMER'S WIFE."
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

DRURY LANE. (Ger. 2587.) 8.15 precisely. Wed., Sat., 2.30 precisely.
"SHOW BOAT." A New Musical Play.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Thurs., 2.30. (Smoking.)
"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."
MIMI CRAWFORD. MORRIS HARVEY. THREE NEW YORKERS.
"A REAL REVUE."—Daily Mirror.

FORTUNE. TUESDAY, JULY 17, at 8.30. "MISCHIEF."
1st Matinee, Saturday, July 21, at 2.30.
ALLAN JEAYES and YVONNE ARNAUD.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780.) EVGS., 8.15. MATINEE, WED., 2.15.
RUSSELL JANNEY'S Musical Production.
"MARJOLAINE."
LILIAN DAVIES. OSCAR ASCHE.

GATE THEATRE STUDIO, 16A, Villiers Street, Strand. Chancery 7263.
"SIX STOKERS WHO OWN THE BLOOMIN' EARTH."
Nightly at 9. Annual Subscription, 5s. 6d. Apply Secretary.

HIPPODROME, London. EVENINGS, at 8.15. Gerrard 0650
MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.
"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."
JACK BUCHANAN. ELSIE RANDOLPH.
Kate Cutler, Vera Pearce, and Debroy Somers' Band.

KINGSWAY (Holb. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
JEAN CADELL in
"MARIGOLD." (Now in its 2nd year.)

THEATRES.

LYRIC THEATRE. Hammersmith. Riverside 3012.
EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.
"LOVE IN A VILLAGE."
An 18th century Comic Opera, by Bickerstaffe.

PALLADIUM. (Ger. 1004.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Tues. and Thurs., 2.15.
"THE YELLOW MASK." EDGAR WALLACE'S Musical Play.
PHYLLIS DARE. MALCOLM KEEN. BOBBY HOWES.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 2690.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
"BIRD IN HAND."
A New Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Gerr. 1243 & 3416.) FAY COMPTON.
"OTHER MEN'S WIVES." By Walter Hackett.
Evenings, at 8.30. Matinees, Tuesday and Friday, at 2.30.

SAVOY Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Mon., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
"YOUNG WOODLEY."
FRANK LAWTON. FRANCES DOBLE.

WYNDHAM'S. (Reg. 3028.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., WED. & FRI., 2.30.
LEON M. LION presents (for 2 weeks only)
"JUSTICE." By John Galsworthy.
LEON M. LION, LAWRENCE HANRAY, MARY GREW.

CINEMAS.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)
DAILY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, New Programme, 6 to 10.30.)
July 16th, 17th and 18th. W. C. FIELDS in "THE SIDE SHOW"; LEWIS STONE and Anna Q. Nilsson in "LONESOME LADIES," etc.
July 19th, 20th and 21st. LIANE HAUD in "THE GIPSY PRINCESS"; Jack Luden in "SHOOTIN' IRONS"; Also "THE GRESHAM SINGERS"; PAULINE & DIANA in Instrumental Harmony.

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AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION.
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

"SAINTS AND LEADERS," by the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay, Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street (Philip Allan, and the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, Ltd., 6s.), is a curious book. The publisher informs the reader on the jacket that Mr. Mackay is a prominent leader of the Anglo-Catholic party and that he possesses a "brilliant gift of portraiture." No reader could fail to discover for himself Mr. Mackay's sectarian prejudices; it is difficult to spot the brilliant portraiture even with the help of the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, Ltd. The book contains biographical sketches of St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and St. Athanasius; an essay on the Anglo-Catholicism of Dr. Johnson; and six highly coloured sketches of heroic Anglo-Catholic clergymen, whose names are Charles Lowder, Robert Dolling, Edward King, Arthur Stanton, Richard Benson, and Frank Weston. Though Mr. Mackay's outlook on the world and his biographical objective are not the same as Mr. Lytton Strachey's, he must be counted as one more of Mr. Strachey's many disciples. Even the life of a Saint, written by a pious and not quite disinterested hagiographer, must have its light, almost flip-pant, and terribly up-to-date commentary and interludes. For instance, the Arians are compared to the Broad Church Party of to-day, and Mr. Mackay writes:—

"Can't we hear them?—nice, good old things. 'All this trouble could have been avoided if the poor dear Archdeacon had been content with a Scriptural word. We were getting on so nicely until he forced upon us that unfortunate word *homoeousion*.'"

When Mr. Mackay is facetious, one thinks of Dr. Johnson's remark (incautiously quoted by Mr. Mackay himself): "This merriment of parsons is mightily offensive."

A study of Mr. Mackay's book led to a further investigation of the lives of Saints, and it was rather surprising to find how many hagiographic works are published to-day. For instance, practically on the same day as Mr. Mackay's volume there appeared "St. Martin of Tours," by Mary Caroline Watt (Sands & Co., 6s.), which is really a translation by Miss Watt of a French translation of Sulpicius Severus; and "St. Basil: The Letters," Vol. 2, with an English translation by Roy J. Deferrari, in the Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann, 10s.). St. Martin and St. Basil were both contemporaries of St. Jerome and St. Ambrose, the Saints to whom Mr. Mackay gives nearly all his space, so that those who want to pursue the study of hagiology will find in these three books a pretty complete picture of the fourth century, an era in which Europe, the Near East, and Africa simply swarmed with Bishops and Saints. There was St. Jerome, who was no Bishop, in Palestine; St. Ambrose, Bishop in Milan; St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea; St. Martin, Bishop of Tours; St. Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria. The simple-minded might expect that such a blossoming of saintly Bishops and episcopal Saints would have produced a harvest of peace and goodwill on earth, but there has never been an age of more fierce and sterile strife than the fourth century, and the lives of these Saints are not lively reading. When they are not prosecuting their interminable quarrels, they are performing their inevitable miracles.

Everyone knows of the greatest of all their quarrels, over the doctrine preached by Arius in Alexandria to the seven hundred virgins under the very nose of the Saint and Bishop, the controversy about *homoeousion* and *homoiousion* to which Mr. Mackay refers in the passage quoted above. The question whether the Son was of the same or similar substance as the Father became, in the ruthless hands of St. Athanasius, a scourge of the civilized

world as well as the test of individual salvation. It produced the most unreadable literature ever written; it disrupted the Empire; it established a tradition of religious intolerance and persecution from which the Churches of Europe never freed themselves; it bred hatred, riot, battle, murder, and sudden death. It is an obsession with most of Mr. Mackay's heroes; it fills the letters of St. Basil; it distracts the life of St. Martin of Tours, who raised up against himself many enemies, all of whom, says Sulpicius Severus, were Bishops. But the Arian was only one of many such quarrels. Heresies were almost as common as Bishops and Saints, and every heresy was an occasion for bitter and bloody controversies. You will find St. Jerome fighting with St. John Chrysostom about Origen, fiercely attacking the heresy of Vigilantius or the heresy of Pelagianism. You open St. Basil's Letters and find him attacking the heresy of Eustathius or Apollinaris or the Pneumatomachians. A Saint is defined as one who has been "canonized or officially recognized by the Church as having won by exceptional holiness a high place in heaven and veneration on earth"; to judge from the lives of these Saints, the canonizers give high marks to intolerance and quarrelsomeness.

Apparently in this respect there are still among us some who are worthy of canonization. To Mr. Mackay himself the theological quarrels of the fourth century are as important and as real as they were to St. Athanasius. He never misses an opportunity of attacking those who do not hold the particular tenets of the Anglo-Catholic—the Broad Churchman, the Low Churchman, the Protestant, the Dissenter—and he identifies their heresies with the heresies of 1,500 years ago. The iota which divided Athanasius from Arius is still a very real thing to the Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street—"the central fact of the Christian religion." He hates the Arians as fiercely as did St. Athanasius, because he sees in their doctrine "the same latitudinarian cant we hear nowadays." (To the orthodox a heresy is always "cant.") He hates Jovinian as bitterly as St. Jerome hated him, because he sees in Jovinian the original of Mr. Kensit. His remarks about Jovinian are worth quoting in full:—

"He denied Our Lady's perpetual virginity, and attacked the honour paid to celibacy by the Church. He objected also to the honour paid to the Saints and their relics, and to the practice of burning altar lights in the daytime; in fact, Jovinian was the usual Protestant objector of modern times. I often wonder whether it would not be a good thing if Catholics stood up to these gentry as Jerome stood up to Jovinian. He flayed him alive in a book of scorching epigram, which laid such stress on the glory of virginity that St. Augustine had to write a book on the good of marriage to redress the balance a little."

It is characteristic of Mr. Mackay that St. Athanasius is one of his pet Saints; his heart seems to warm to that most unsympathetic of all the Saints in the Calendar. I would recommend anyone who reads Mr. Mackay's essay on him to follow it with Mr. E. M. Forster's on Athanasius and Arius in "Pharos and Pharillon." Mr. Mackay writes:—

"Athanasius was the most fascinating person imaginable. He was very delicately beautiful—like Dr. Liddon as a young man—and he had the magnetic charm of John Henry Newman."

But Mr. Forster says:—

"Physically he was blackish, but active and strong. One recognizes a modern street type. Not one single generous action by him is recorded, but he knew how to inspire enthusiasm, and before he died had become a popular hero and set the pace to his century."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

NEW NOVELS

- The Titan.** By THEODORE DREISER. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)
Swan Song. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
The Redemption of Tycho Brahe. By MAX BRODE. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)
Judgment Day. By NORMAN DAVEY. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)
Lover of Women. By KATHERINE TYNAN. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
The Man from the River. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
The Portrait Invisible. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

It is perhaps not surprising that the substantial ghost of Balzac has dominated American literature. For there is a considerable resemblance between the last fifty years of the United States, on the one hand, and Restoration and Louis Philippian France, on the other. Certainly the *Enrichissements* of M. Guizot has provided the United States with what romance it possesses, save that which has been furnished by Lindbergh and Harlem. But Balzac had the advantage of living in a romantic age, and being himself a creature of wild and fantastic imaginings. Hence his artists and hard-faced men and courtesans take on an epic splendour denied to the children of Mr. Dreiser. César Birotteau was glad to make a hundred pounds, where Cowperwood, the Titan, would have sneered at a million; yet, for all that, César lives at the hub of the universe, Cowperwood remains a pale provincial. Early nineteenth-century Paris was indubitably a trumpery achievement compared with late nineteenth-century Chicago, yet Balzacian Paris boils, where Dreiserian Chicago merely sizzles. Dreiser is too photographic to provide the necessary *frisson*. Balzac would never have written as follows:—

"Before this social situation had time to adjust itself one way or the other, however, a matter arose, which in its way was far more vital, though Aileen might not have thought so. The feeling between the new and old Gas Companies was becoming strained: the stockholders were getting uneasy. They were anxious to find out who were back of these new Gas Companies, which were threatening to encroach on their exclusive preserves. Finally, one of the lawyers who had been employed by the North Chicago Gas Illuminating Company to fight the machinations of De Soto Sippens and old General van Sickle, finding that the Lake View Council had finally granted the franchise to the new company and that the Appellate Court was about to sustain it, hit upon the idea of charging conspiracy and wholesale bribery and corruption."

Such a passage as this (characteristic of much of Mr. Dreiser's writing) can only be called dull. Balzac often wrote badly, but not with this sort of badness. There is something wrong about Mr. Dreiser's *tempo*. Mrs. Cowperwood's failure to get into Chicago "society" would only be tolerable if treated satirically, and Mr. Dreiser eschews satire. Mme. de Chailleul cutting Mme. de Maufregneuse has a historical significance, which is absent when Mrs. Merrill cuts Mrs. Cowperwood.

Yet "The Titan" is a book that is easy to read, and perhaps worth reading. I read its five hundred odd pages without much difficulty. But it appealed to my historical rather than my aesthetic sense. At the end I felt that now I knew all about Chicago and did not want to go there. Mr. Dreiser has a native good taste that prevents his writing at the top of his voice like Mr. Sinclair Lewis, but he does not seem to write with taut nerves like Balzac, and this is what he would like to do. Hence "The Titan" is less effective as a novel than enlightening as a treatise on Municipal Government. I suggest that the Webbs should rewrite it. The United States seem altogether to have been overwhelmed by their achievement, hopeless before the immensity of what they endeavour to describe. Perhaps it is better for writers, unless they are of the Tolstoy calibre, to write about something essentially petty and provide all the immensity themselves. Balzac's certainly was a light that never was on sea or land, but it is more exciting, more significant than the steady acetylene gas of Mr. Dreiser.

The great Forsyte Saga has in "Swan Song" at last come to an end. "The Man of Propriety" (if one may apply to the author the unintentionally amusing title that M. Maurice Rostand has recently bestowed on his most famous book) has drawn down the curtain on Soames

Forsyte, battling with the fire in his picture gallery, and perhaps drawn down the curtain on the Victorian novel as well. All the vices inherent in the Victorian novel are eminent in the Forsyte Saga. It is continually a comment, never a construction. Reading it is like reading a series of leading articles. The reference to events still prominent in men's minds is continual (the General Strike and its reactions on the Forsyte family are the themes of "Swan Song"), and the reference never becomes aesthetically transmuted. It is truly observed, and competently reported, the reporting indeed is so lifelike that one feels one is sitting through an interminable dinner party to which one has been asked by mistake. Like Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Galsworthy is an annalist, but he is not nearly as well "documented." Thus we have a great deal about the picture gallery and Soames Forsyte's taste, so old-fashioned, it is hinted, that probably the National Gallery will refuse the gift of it, on which he has just decided. (He had also just bought a Morland for £600.) Hence it is somewhat surprising to learn, when the gallery is burned down, that it was chock-a-block with Courbet, Gauguin, Picasso, and heaven knows what. The National Gallery would certainly have refused the bequest, but for very different reasons. Further, Mr. Galsworthy appears to think that Pater and Chardin are artists of precisely the same order. Hence it becomes impossible to find out what Soames's taste in art was, although his picture gallery was the most important thing in his life after his unhappy love affair. Really, annalists ought to take more trouble. The ignorance of the older generation sometimes appals me.

"The Forsytes did not like talking about sex," remarks Mr. Galsworthy. Unfortunately they did not like talking about anything. They live in a grey limbo of understatement, which necessitates Mr. Galsworthy underlining every word they say. Yet it would be absurd to say that Mr. Galsworthy is ever superficial, careless, or ignorant about life. All the way through, for instance, he insists on the importance of love in life and of the degree to which people have been made unhappy by it. All the Forsytes are made unhappy by it. Yet they themselves are not sufficiently vivid for us to suffer with them.

[Yet Mr. Galsworthy is an immensely popular writer, and it is not discreditable to the age that he should be so. Himself profoundly discontented with society as he sees it, he must have communicated his discontent to others, and performed high service to the community. He seems to me to lack completely what in the happy dead days we used to call "significant form." Beauty is absent from his form and from his language. But perhaps Americans find him infinitely interesting as an annalist. Personally I prefer Dreiser, because I feel I know all about England already. Americans are doubtless in the contrary state. Art is something outside the achievement of both writers.]

"The Redemption of Tycho Brahe" is an elaborate historical novel dealing with the personal relations of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, the crash between them over the Copernican system, and, as the title suggests, the redemption of Tycho Brahe through suffering. Obviously this is as good a subject as any other. But the result is not particularly interesting. As a whole the book suffers like so many historical novels, suffers from the historical and purely personal themes being inadequately welded. Stefan Zweig, in a foreword, says that Max Brode is the "first German example of pointillism in psychology," whatever that may mean, and it is obvious that he considers Brode pre-eminent chiefly as a "stylist." Hence, perhaps, we lose a good deal in a translation which, though always competent, may not be sufficiently imaginative.

"Judgment Day," by Norman Davey, begins brilliantly but does not quite keep it up. Death comes to a sleepy English village, the inhabitants of which have in turn a short interview with their Creator, who distributes them praise or blame in accordance with the prejudices of Mr. Davey. Personally I agree with Mr. Davey's views on ethics as far as they go, though I cannot agree that to be an unmarried mother is necessarily the beginning and the end of virtue. The weakness is that we begin to know God's opinions too quickly, and can anticipate his reactions. In fact, Mr. Davey has so closely associated himself with his Creator that the trials are over before they begin. Still "Judgment Day"

is very readable, as Mr. Davey is witty, civilized, well-informed, and truthful.

"Lover of Women" is about an absolute angel of a young man, whose ambition it is to become head of a large drapery business in order to make happier the lot of the girls in his employ. It is nice to think that he is, quite early in life, successful in his ambition, married to a charming wife, patronized by the aristocracy, and universally popular.

"The Man from the River" is a new detective story in the series dealing with the triumphs of Superintendent Wilson, whom we are all glad to see at work again. The mystery is cleverly concealed, and the story adequately, if not overwhelmingly, exciting. Superintendent Wilson however succeeded by a mere fluke. When looking for one thing he found another, and he based his triumph on error. This is true, probably, of real life, but is, I think, inexcusable in detective stories. Still "The Man from the River" may be commended.

The hero of "The Portrait Invisible" is a frightfully up-to-date psycho-analytical behaviourist, who, as far as I could make out, never discovered anything at all. This is an American story, and far below the average of achievement in American detective fiction.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

ORIGINS OF ENGLISH OPERA

Foundations of English Opera. By EDWARD J. DENT. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

If the "review" of a book should be a guide to the reading public, then this is a very difficult book to review. It is impossible honestly to recommend it to the layman, even to the layman who is a frequenter of Opera Houses. Too much space is given to the analysis of operas which can never be produced, and which would not be worth seeing if they could. If, however, one praised it to a musical historian, he might reply that it solved none of his problems and was more like the thesis of a student than the mature work of a professor. And yet, if one said it was worth nobody's while to read it, one would be doing a grave injustice to the author.

The fault lies in the subject, or perhaps in the angle from which Professor Dent chooses to view it. There are several questions of fact, knotty problems of authorship and influence, on which the historian would welcome more light. But no light is given. The views of others are briefly summarized. Professor Dent is scholar enough to do more, but he is not antiquarian enough to want to. He prefers the rôle of spectator, watching a performance of the operas on the stage. As he knows the theatre well from both sides of the curtain, it is a rôle that he fills to perfection, but the material is not worth the trouble. Purcell alone deserves the attention. Crude experiments may be interesting if they can be related to something more fundamental or if they lead to the discovery of something important. The "something" in this case is, in the author's eyes, the "operatic principle," but unfortunately we are not much nearer to the discovery of the operatic principle at the end of the book than we were at the beginning. "Dido and Æneas" is an opera. But Purcell also wrote "King Arthur" and "The Fairy Queen," which show two entirely different conceptions of the art of combining music and drama. And so, although Professor Dent has many ideas to offer us, he has no theme to which to attach them. They are scattered and disconnected, and must be extracted, assembled, and quietly pondered by the reader, before their value can be appreciated. That is why the book is both tedious and stimulating.

Perhaps if he had altered his approach and written, not of the "foundations" of English opera, but of its failure, his thoughts might have fallen more readily into place. At various points from the preface to the epilogue occur suggestions for the solution of this problem. They are based on three things, the English character, English history, and the English language. In opera, we are told, music must be the "ideal language" of self-expression, a form of "speech intensified into song." But the Englishman does not express himself spontaneously in song, as does the Italian. The English singer is an interpreter of an art, a passive agent through whom the composer works on the emotions of the audience. The dramatic value of music, to Shakespeare, for

instance, lay in its effect on the characters who heard it, and who could then express the effect in poetry. This is true, and aptly illustrated. He might have added that the English dance more readily than they sing, and this has its significance in the history of the Masque. Also that people who are morbidly self-conscious but gifted with a lively sense of humour, who enjoy laughing at others, but hate being laughed at themselves, who, when they have something serious to say, habitually say it in jest, are bound to find opera rather ridiculous. It is a curious fact that opera was being parodied in England almost before there was any opera to parody.

As regards English history, the point is made that the spoken drama was already "too deeply rooted in the heart of the people" for opera to stand much chance, and that D'Avenant's attempt to establish opera in London was insincere, his real aim being to use music, towards which Puritanism was lenient, as a means to reopen the theatres, which Puritanism condemned.

Thirdly, the English language brings us to thoughts which are both subtle and profound. It is a pity they were not more vigorously pursued. The main idea is that words are always disruptive to music. This is especially true of English. It is not merely that its rhythms are unmusical, or that its favourite metres in those days were unsuited for a libretto. It is rather that the power of the language is derived from the rich associations of individual words and phrases rather than from the logical construction of sentences and periods. In face of this broken series of images music is powerless, for the essence of music is form. There is form in the phrase, form in the song, and there must also be form in the opera as a whole, just as there is in the symphony. That seventeenth-century composers realized this, and based form, not on themes, but on keys, is one of Professor Dent's most original assertions. People have often been surprised to find, after hearing foreign opera in an English translation, that they prefer it in a language that they can only partially understand. Perhaps Professor Dent has provided an explanation of this curious phenomenon.

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by

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JONATHAN CAPE LONDON

PORTRAIT OF A SAINT

The Life of Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium. By HENRY LOUIS DUBLY. Translated from the French by HERBERT WILSON. (Sands. 7s. 6d.)

THE purpose and tone of this book, as well as the style of its translation into English, may perhaps most swiftly be suggested by a word or two from the preface contributed by Mgr. Baudrillart, Bishop of Himeria. He is a member of the French Academy which awarded it the Prix Montyon—customarily allotted to works that are supposed to reconcile virtue with literature.

It appears that the Bishop hesitated before pronouncing his imprimatur. For the life of Cardinal Mercier could not be lightly undertaken. "So many problems, and those by no means the least arduous, preoccupied him!" Many "fine pages," too, had already appeared about him—pages still "glowing with sorrow that has not yet shed its tears!" The Bishop decided that "the wisest course would be to wait and see." Impressively he adds: "I have waited and seen." He approved the book. The philosopher, the priest, the hero, the saint, "to whom is rising the fervent admiration of the world," appeared before him. Yet other tears came to his eyes. He prays that M. Dubly's work may be carried on the wings of angels to souls of goodwill.

In plainer prosaic words, then, an essay in hagiography; out of which we must pick, if we can, evidence of the "extraordinarily rich and varied personality" of the Archbishop of Malines. A difficult task! For though much may happen to a Saint, there is an inevitable monotony in his reception of what happens to him. Tribulations may be multiplied upon him. Evil men may inflict a richness of torment upon his body or mind. For example, the Germans may invade Belgium. The reigning Pope may sink, with Christian resignation, into his grave. Another Pope may have singularly little to say about Belgium. Still, the Saint will be shown as offering all this, in perfect mildness, for a sacrifice. *In tempore iracundiæ factus est reconciliatio.* The words recur to one as one contemplates the patience of Cardinal Mercier.

To laymen—to the profane—it would be more dramatic, more moving, more edifying even, were they allowed to see something of the intimate, the exceedingly bitter, struggle that must have gone on in Cardinal Mercier's mind as he left his bruised and bleeding country to attend the conclave which met in 1914 to elect a successor to Pius X. It is then that he appears in European history. Perhaps for those who do not live in Belgium there is no need to linger over his early and, no doubt, eminently useful life before the war; though it may be interesting to the pious, who watch the multiplying marks of the elect, to note that his father was addicted to "mathematics, art, and literature," and left behind him "family portraits which are evidence of a talented brush"; that this good man—can he have been a dilettante?—found his "heart's choice in one of the most highly considered families of the district"; married a lady named Barbe Croquet, and then left seven fatherless children to his widow. "They put their trust in God, who gives their nourishment to the young birds." In fact, two uncles helped the young Mercier to get educated.

All this was received with docility. When one comes to the war, one finds, with some surprise, that after a first preliminary outburst of very natural indignation the audacity of the Cardinal softened itself into an absolute correctness of mediation. What was going on behind the scenes? What hints were conveyed, what pressure put upon him, from the Vatican? We do not know. We know only that most of his pastoral letters, like his pre-war theological interpretations of the doctrine "back to Aquinas," exhibit to the heretic an insipidity of style common to the literature of the Place St. Sulpice. This form of discourse gives one an odd sensation of sickly ennui. It is as though one were chewing cotton-wool soaked in scent. But we must never forget that, for Belgium, Cardinal Mercier is a national hero; for Europe a figure of noble endurance.

He comes once again before the rest of the world through his participation in the celebrated Malines conversations, just before his death—a death here laboriously described.

The frail old man lay in his bed, in his tiny white room, beset by those who were determined to make him die in odour of sanctity. Several times the room was cleared for a breath of air to cut across this aroma, which is not always medically hygienic. He gave his ring to the aged Lord Halifax, whom he tenderly embraced. Lord Halifax—"the noble Lord whom all England venerates"—was at Malines on his chimerical quest for reconciliation in those days of January, 1926.

The author seems never to have heard of Sir William Joynson-Hicks! He believes in the vital importance of the Malines conversations. And so no doubt did the Cardinal, who extended his regard to the noble lord's valet, "who goes everywhere with him"—James. All in the dying man's room were "overwhelmed with emotion" when he called for James. "Where is James?" "He is at the hotel getting the luggage ready." "Oh, I would have been so glad to see him!" James was fetched. James received the Cardinal's last blessing. That was the end. The word, at present, is with the Home Secretary.

R. J.

ROSSETTI TO HIS PUBLISHER

The Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to his Publisher, F. S. Ellis. Edited with Introduction and Notes by OSWALD DOUGHTY. (The Scholartis Press.)

"I SUPPOSE all poetry will be as dead as ditch water now with this blessed war," wrote Rossetti to his publisher ten days after the Franco-German War had broken out. Nothing else that he wrote to the excellent Mr. Ellis has any special interest or value, excepting perhaps an outburst for which Ellis's engraver was responsible. "Do you think that the British Fool, with the heaven-sent help of this stupendous diagram . . . will be able to conceive of an O as something other than a balloon, and of a T as not being necessarily a gallows. . . . In short, will he copy this, or has he a soul above it?" The rest could be telephoned, and no doubt forty years later it would have been. But—"I suppose all poetry will be as dead as ditch water now with this blessed war"—so neat and naïve a revelation was well worth saving. It embraces Morris and Burne-Jones, and all their circle, charming people more insular than Thackeray's heroes. Their humanitarianism was genuine enough, and their efforts to better the world were not made without sacrifice, nor were the virtues that Burne-Jones drew for Ellis strangers to them. ("There is a 'Hope' schemed out, same size as 'Faith' . . . but surely a figure of 'Drink' or 'Polygamy' or some such, would be a pleasing variety after so much virtue.") But everything is done with the fervour and innocence of good-natured children throwing apples and chocolates through the bars of the nursery window to the ragamuffins in the street below. The Georgians, however little they have to their credit in art or good nature, are at least grown-up: they have discovered that Charity is more complicated than that. If their poetry, too, at a time of crisis becomes dead as ditch water, they are aware of the reflection upon the poetry as well as the effect upon the purse.

The correspondence is indirectly curious, as it concerns mainly the publishing of a manuscript which had spent seven years underground, buried with Elizabeth Siddal. Mr. Doughty deals tenderly with Rossetti over the exhumation, feeling perhaps how his dignity must have suffered before he could reconsider that extravagant, romantic gesture. But did Rossetti wince chiefly to confess that he had been rather absurd and young, or chiefly to confess that he was now more exercised about the immortality of his genius than seven years before? The letters to Ellis cast not too soft a light on the question. Rossetti's simple absorption in making up the number of pages of poetry to three hundred contrasts oddly with the simple absorption of his act when his wife died.

This court-plaster and pencil stump of Rossettiana have been preserved in a very rich and beautiful fashion and with all scholarly circumstance by Mr. Doughty and the Scholartis Press.

SOCIALISM

The Psychology of Socialism. By HENRY DE MAN. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. (Allen & Unwin. 16s.)
A Survey of Socialism. Analytical, Historical, and Critical. By F. J. C. HEARNSHAW, M.A. (Macmillan. 15s.)

BOTH these additions to the enormous literature of Socialism are critical. Mr. de Man's book is the sincere effort of a man who has studied and mingled in working-class movements, become discontented with current Socialist theories, and anxious to understand the cause of their weakness. Professor Hearnshaw's book, on the other hand, is written with the virulence which we associate with an armchair critic who has become frightened. It may have value for anti-Socialist orators in Hyde Park, and will be welcomed by the Communists who can quote it in support of their untenable thesis that no genuine or disinterested criticism is possible from any member of the bourgeoisie.

Socialism is a vague word with a long history. It has, therefore, like Liberalism or Christianity or similar words which denote a whole tendency of thought and an attitude towards life, been very variously defined at different periods and by different authors. It is an ethical attitude which has given rise to a number of economic doctrines. Socialists are people who hold that it is possible by deliberate organization to produce a society of substantial economic and social equality, and they hope, as Mr. de Man points out, that the result may be both to satisfy existing wants and to raise the level of these wants. They aim at changing the current values of society as well as merely increasing pleasures. They expound various sociological theories and economic changes. They may be attacked, therefore, either on the ground that the ends they have in view are not good ends, or that the proposals they make are not soundly worked out and would not produce the anticipated results. Mr. de Man is one of those who, after much experience of Socialist efforts, more especially of the German brand of Marxism, has come to the conclusion that their theories and their efforts are weakened by an ancient and fallacious psychology. He elaborates this thesis with much common sense and practical knowledge. His book would be better if it were shorter, less diffuse, and free from jargon. It ends with an account of what Mr. de Man finds he can still believe. As he values the things which Socialists value, he can still call himself a Socialist, though he thinks most of their specific views unsound. "I am a Socialist," he writes, "not because I believe in the realization of a Socialist vision of the future more than I believe in any other ideal you like to mention, but because I am convinced that the Socialist motive makes human beings happier and better here and now." One is not surprised to hear that the German "Youth Movement" gives a good deal of attention to Mr. de Man's attack on Marxism.

Professor Hearnshaw's approach is different. From the outset he begins with the assumption that there must be a single doctrine which he can nail down as "Socialism." Finding that Socialists have differed amongst themselves, he decides that a Socialist is a man who believes in six principles: the exaltation of the community over the individual, the equalization of human conditions, the elimination of the capitalist, the expropriation of the landlord, the extinction of private enterprise, and the eradication of competition. Having himself imposed this definition and not being interested in quantitative methods of thought, he denies that anyone is a Socialist who does not hold all these doctrines completely and utterly. Thus a Fabian is not a Socialist since he only wishes to increase equality and diminish competition, and to diminish the number of capitalists and landlords by an increase in State and municipal enterprise. He devotes two long passages in his book, the object of which is to denounce Socialism, to denouncing Fabians because they have pretended to be Socialists. He abuses them as lustily and with as little restraint as if they really were Socialists. It is, he remarks, "a flagrantly dishonest procedure: a gross offence against the morality of discussion" to pretend, as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Webb have done, that "innocent collectivist undertakings" are illustrative of the progress of Socialism.

It is not certain exactly whom Professor Hearnshaw hopes to annoy by his method of controversy. If he is referring to a view with which he disagrees, he begs all ques-

tions at the outset by referring to it as a malignant, scandalous, predatory, or damnable falsehood. His opponents may be "ignorant and brutal fanatics," or merely guilty of "deliberate deception." All this is familiar enough in Communistic and theological controversy. Large sections of his book consist almost entirely of quotations, strung upon a thin thread of vituperation, selected, as he explains, from nineteen notebooks and masses of cuttings collected during a period of fifty years. It is difficult to see why he should expect any modern Socialist to be troubled by finding that Gronlund, whose forgotten "Co-operative Commonwealth" was published in 1886, and whom Mr. Hearnshaw quotes frequently, made an extreme statement or was not in agreement with what Mr. MacDonald said in 1911 or Mr. Brailsford wrote in 1925. It is noticeable that Mr. Hearnshaw never deals at all with such a book as Mr. Tawney's "Acquisitive Society" or with any of the more serious modern contributions to Socialist literature. It is a matter for surprise and regret that anyone holding an academic position of distinction should deal with an intellectual subject in this spirit and be completely oblivious of the advance that has lately been made towards quantitative thinking, reasonable discussion, and common fairness and courtesy in controversy.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

DISSECTION OF DR. JOHNSON

Aspects of Doctor Johnson. By E. S. ROSCOE. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

THE aim of Mr. Roscoe's short studies is, as he expresses it, "the illustration and illumination of the character of Dr. Johnson." The average reader, on whom the name of Johnson reacts immediately as "Boswell," may inquire: Does Johnson's character need illumination? Is it possible, as Mr. Roscoe contends, that a revival of interest in his life has left his character but partially understood? There are two methods by which character may be displayed: the practical

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method of direct contact, and the theoretical method of oblique narration or analysis. The greater vividness of the first has made it increasingly popular with modern biographers; its one drawback being that the contact is fictitious. The biographer writes as a witness of scenes he never saw, and even reports words which were not spoken. He is a bogus Boswell. Johnson is safe for ever from this treatment. He is already fixed as one of those rare personalities which, through the medium of literature, strike with a fuller, closer, and more recognizable reality than do many encountered in the flesh. In this sense, there is no question of his character requiring further light. No writer, however "impregnated with the Johnsonian æther" he may feel, can do more than turn to the theoretical and split the whole complex, casual completeness into traits and aspects, as Mr. Roscoe does.

This being granted, there is no reason why something of interest and value should not emerge from his dissection. There are papers on Johnson's attitude to religion, to the country, to the law; comparisons with other talkers and literary men. But the general result is disappointing. So many of them are only expositions—mere detachments of a strand of Johnson's life—which, as essays, are too limited and attenuated in substance to be as stimulating as they might have been. Yet the fact is that these neat, carefully isolated fragments promote the desire to fit them together again, though in a different way. And that, in itself, argues stimulation.

For example, Mr. Roscoe demonstrates Johnson's complete insensitiveness to natural beauty, his distaste for wild and ungregarious life. Discussing, in another place, the Doctor's religion, he points out how, devoid of mysticism and certainty, it brought fear rather than comfort, while occupying a large place in his scheme. "To him," says Mr. Roscoe shrewdly, "religion was something like the British Constitution: it was in existence and it must regulate his conduct in life; by it he must be eventually saved or condemned." A connection between the two attitudes may be traced to an inherent lack of adventurous independence, a preference for the gregarious and well-worn. And this leads to consideration of the paper on Johnson as a teacher of the "art of living." It may be objected, on this evidence, that the phrase is wrong. It is not the art, but the established morality, of living, that is Johnson's province. He is without the subtlety, the scorn of mere dogma and didactic utterance, that are necessary for the teaching of an art. Mr. Roscoe puts this slightly differently, saying that the surface of things "was sufficient because he was averse from speculation." Mr. Roscoe also is a little averse from speculation. The thoughts contained in his papers seem to have been cautiously scattered and segregated lest two, by contact, should produce a third which might impair the balance.

SYLVA NORMAN.

LONDON'S HOUSING SHAME

Housing. Published by the London County Council, 1928.

THE London County Council have issued a handsome volume entitled "Housing," beautifully printed, and with a mass of attractive plans and photographs of the houses built by them since the war. It begins with a competent summary of housing legislation, then follows a brief history of the work done by the L.C.C. in house building in pre-war days, and then a long series of detailed accounts of their various post-war schemes, with elaborate plans and photographs. Taken altogether, an interesting and useful record of the work of the County Council.

And, no doubt, the County Council has done good work under difficult conditions. They have actually built and finished nearly 22,000 new houses, a substantial piece of work, though, having regard to the relative populations, it does not compare well with Birmingham's 19,000. They point out with satisfaction that in the last six years new accommodation has been provided in Greater London for 630,000 persons, whereas the increase of population is about 343,000. The impression on a reader of the report is that the housing problem is being satisfactorily dealt with. True, it is admitted that "slums have not yet been wholly swept away, nor have houses yet been provided for all who need them,"

but it is claimed "that there is, on the whole, reason for feeling that the unprecedented difficulties of the post-war housing position have been in a great measure overcome."

This is indeed a bold claim. What about the revelations of the Westminster Survey Group as to unfit houses and overcrowding in the Victoria Ward? The Report was widely noticed in the Press last year, and the Westminster City Council was unable to refute it.

It seems almost incredible, but overcrowding is practically not mentioned in the whole of the 190 pages of the Report; nothing more than a casual admission that the labourer's family has not yet been dealt with (page 42).

One fundamental fallacy runs right through the Report from beginning to end: the assumption that as soon as the economic demand is met for the types of house that are now being built at 10s. or 15s. a week rent, the housing problem can be regarded as solved. There is no appreciation of the fact that empty houses at Becontree may co-exist with the most appalling overcrowding in the slums. The evil of slums depends on two things, unfit houses and overcrowding. Let us give illustrations of the condition of London housing in both these aspects.

The worst possible kind of house for a human being to live in is a cellar; dark, damp, deprived of sunlight and of all the conveniences which human beings need, and yet the Report cheerfully admits that underground dwellings are to-day inhabited in London. The writer visited one recently consisting of two dark rooms, the only ventilation being into an area, which is actually covered by a grid of thick glass, six sections, about three inches in diameter, having been broken through and letting in the sole ventilation. Needless to say, artificial light was needed even by the window, and even when the sun was shining brightly. The L.C.C. Report says that "closure of the underground part of the house as unfit for human habitation would provide an effective remedy for the evils found." The last cellar dwelling in Manchester was closed over forty years ago.

As regards overcrowding, the 1921 Census revealed the fact that 680,000 persons in London, or over 16 per cent. of the total population, were housed at a density of more than two persons per room as compared with 9.6 per cent. for the country as a whole. It is quite safe to assert that very few of these overcrowded people have found their way to the new L.C.C. houses. Striking testimony to the house shortage in Westminster at any rate is found in the Report of the Survey Group already referred to, where, only last year, dark and damp basements were found overcrowded by unfortunate people who could find no other accommodation. The following is one example of many:—

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"Two rooms: Man and wife, girls 21, 16, 12, 10, and 7, boy 4. The back room is damp, cold, and dirty. These tenants have tried to move, but cannot because of the children.

"The whole house is a crowded tenement in a shocking state of repair and very damp."

At a recent housing conference in London, attended by the writer, a discussion on slum areas made it clear that a comparison between London and provincial towns was impossible, since conditions in London were infinitely worse. Broadly speaking, slum accommodation in most provincial towns consists of houses with two bedrooms and two living rooms. In London slums the living rooms are omitted, the same number of people living in two rooms who would, in a provincial slum, be living in a two-up and two-down house.

In the provinces housing reformers are discussing the possibility of removing the slum dwellers direct into the standard post-war house. In certain slum clearance schemes this has already been done with considerable success. Housing experts regard any such proposals applied to London as the ravings of a lunatic.

The London housing problem is clearly far more difficult than that of other cities owing to the high land values and the high fares which result from great distances. The greater difficulty of the problem demands greater efforts. The worst possible service to London housing reform is to issue apparently authoritative books, such as the Report of the L.C.C., purporting to show that the London housing problem is well on the way to solution.

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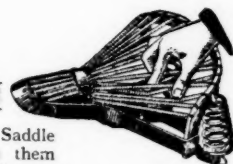
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ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"CORRESPONDENCE of Catherine the Great," translated and edited by the Earl of Ilchester and Mrs. Langford-Brooke (Butterworth, 21s.), is an interesting historical book. It contains Catherine's correspondence with Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams when she was Grand Duchess, and also some letters of Poniatowski.

This is the season when publishers tend to publish mainly "serious" books. "Heading for the Abyss," by Prince Lichnowsky (Constable, 25s.), contains memoirs covering the years of the author's residence as ambassador in England.

"The Case for Modern Socialism," by A. W. Humphrey (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.), attempts to state the main principles of Socialism "in the light of present-day facts of economics and politics and of recent Socialist discussion."

"Great Britain; Essays in Regional Geography" (Cambridge University Press, 21s.) is a composite volume by twenty-six authors, with an introduction by Sir E. J. Russell, and edited by A. G. Ogilvie, dealing with Great Britain region by region, and thus providing a complete regional survey.

"Cheiron's Cave," by Dorothy Revel (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), is a description of the "school of the future," and the ideas derive from the work of Mr. and Mrs. Faithfull in a Nature School in Norfolk.

Professor Otto Jespersen's works on grammar have been translated, and are well known in this country. Messrs. Allen & Unwin publish a new book by him, "An International Language" (4s. 6d.), in which he attempts to defend the artificial international language, Novial.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Buying a Car? The Car Buyer's Annual, 1928. By LEONARD HENSLowe. (Hutchinson, 1s. 6d.)

This is a very useful little book for the owner or prospective owner of a car. The chapter which shows the trend of design in the cars of 1928 is particularly interesting. Chapter III., which gives the prices and important particulars, such as horse-power, number of cylinders, gears, seats, for all the chief cars, British and foreign, is also admirable.

The Gardener's Year Book, 1928. Edited by D. H. MOUTRAY READ. (Allan, 5s.)

This is the second issue of an annual which promises to be of considerable value to gardeners. It provides information with regard to horticultural societies, botanic gardens, shows, new plants, &c. It has instructive chapters on such subjects as soil, manures, pruning, and particular plants. It is well edited and well produced.

Clara Butt: Her Life Story. By WINIFRED PONDER. (Harrap, 12s. 6d.)

Miss Butt is six foot two, and her stature is faithfully reflected in her biography. Her biographer makes us feel that Miss Butt is a great deal bigger than the ordinary human being. She writes in a strain of adulation which is fitted for a giantess. And in some respects undoubtedly this is an accurate view of anyone with a voice of the calibre of Miss Butt's. Ordinary limits cease to have any meaning for them. When her voice boomed out everything went down before it. The middle-class girl—she is descended from Theodore Hook by the way—became the friend of Emperors. She mixed familiarly with Kings and Princes. She seems possessed not only of the height but of the temper of the Gods. Wherever she goes people fall down before her. All her efforts are crowned with success. Yet Miss Ponder writes well enough to give us the impression that Clara Butt is no lay figure. She is obviously a woman of gigantic vitality. She was able to hold her own with conductors and professors long before she had her fame to back her. Nothing annoys her more than the legend that she takes her work easily. Few people could have sung "Abide with me," as she did, with a fly stuck in her throat. But while the book gives a lively and enthusiastic account of Clara Butt, it is strange how seldom music is mentioned. The Empress of Germany is much more important.



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The Thirty-first Ordinary General Meeting of Apollinaris & Johannis, Ltd., was held on Tuesday at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred R. Holland, the Chairman, said that the profits for the past year had risen to £71,367, showing an increase on the year of £6,293. Apart from the single exception of the year of the General Strike, a continuous profit growth had been secured. A dividend of 1 per cent. was now recommended, this being the first dividend since the War. But for the unprecedentedly bad summer of last year—one of the very worst according to the TIMES—a larger sum would undoubtedly have been earned. The business was however very sound, and Apollinaris was continually growing in popularity. The improvement in the Company's position was also due to the success of the "Presta" Sweetened beverages manufactured by the Company at their new model factory at Colindale. This new venture was giving highly satisfactory results, showing that Presta had come to stay. Presta was indeed an important and growing branch of the Company's organization. In many foreign markets, particularly South America, Apollinaris trade was however still handicapped by prohibitive duties. Even in England—still supposed to be a Free Trade country—business was hampered by Customs and Excise charges. Duties on the English Home Trade last year amounted to some £18,000, sufficient to pay an additional 2 per cent. dividend, or 3 per cent. instead of the 1 per cent. now recommended, nevertheless the excellent and never varying quality of Apollinaris made one still optimistic that progress would be continued. The carry-forward would stand at £77,635. The name of the Right Hon. Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O., was submitted for confirmation as a Member of the Board. The Report and Accounts and proposed Dividend having been adopted unanimously by the Meeting, the proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the Staff and to the Chairman.

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TRAVEL NOTES

HOLIDAYS IN BELGIUM: INEXPENSIVE TRIPS TO NORWAY: BY AIR IN GERMANY: JOYS OF VIENNA: JOURNEYS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ONE of the countries of Europe, which, lying, as it were, under the very nose of Englishmen, is apt to be forgotten by them in making their holiday plans is the country of Belgium. It may be that we feel that we have been there often enough. We have roamed the sand dune coast from Ostend to Knocke, have listened to the carillons at Bruges, and ducked our heads as the little motor boats speed under the bridges of its ancient canals. We have spent some time in Brussels—(Who was it who made the unjust remark that it was like visiting the sister of the woman one loved?)—and, if we have not, we ought to have visited its Grand Place in the early morning when its grey gabled buildings are a background to the most attractive market in Europe. We have gone further afield to Namur and Liege—stood perhaps on that citadel at Namur and reconstructed the battles of the Meuse valley. Perhaps we have done all these things, and more than probably we have seen precious little of a most fascinating country.

SEASON TICKETS IN BELGIUM

Belgium has this with Switzerland that its distances are so small that one can taste its varieties in a very short time. By this I do not mean that Belgium can be hustled. There is no need for it. In the course of a lazy day one can bathe in Blankenberge, lunch if the whim suggests it in Bruges, take tea (or better, coffee) in Ghent, and be in Brussels in time for dinner (for myself I have now fallen out of love with that elder sister Paris, who has thrown me over for a loud-voiced American). Belgium has this with Switzerland, too, that it has a most admirable system of National Railways which really serve their designed purpose to take travellers quickly and comfortably from place to place. In Belgium, too, the circular season ticket has been revived. For a matter of two pounds one can buy a ticket on the Belgian National Railways, second class—(Who but a Marshal or a muddle-headed millionaire ever travels first?)—which carries a complete freedom of travel for fifteen days. It is possible to buy a third-class ticket covering five days' travel for 13s. 6d.

VISITING THE ARDENNES

Armed with such a ticket, there could, to this writer's mind, be no more pleasant holiday than to potter through Belgium for a fortnight, visiting districts and villages never seen before, taking slow trains, getting off, as the fancy dictates at wayside stations. An alternative is to go straight to Dinant and spend a week exploring the Ardennes, which would at least explode the belief that Belgium is no more than an Ypres salient turned respectable. The Ardennes, taken from Liege, Namur, or Dinant to the Luxembourg frontier, are full of natural beauties and charming villages. The exchange in Belgium is very much more in our favour than it is in France, and living as well as travelling is extremely cheap.

TRIPS THROUGH THE FJORDS

This is the time of the year to visit Norway, and this is the moment to dispel the illusion that it is in any way an expensive trip. Messrs. Bennett's Travel Bureau, of 66, Haymarket, advertise tours of a fortnight through the most beautiful parts of Norway for little more than £20. This figure covers all travel and hotel expenses, and includes steamer journeys through the fjords. During this month of July, Norway has an average daily sunshine of nineteen hours. The Travel Bureau suggests a number of itineraries, and quotes an inclusive price for each of them, but none of them reaches the figure of £30 for thirteen days' travel.

A GERMAN HOLIDAY

Without harping too insistently on the question of cost, which is, after all, an important consideration on any holiday, one must at least make the point that holidays in Germany are no longer the expensive affair that they were some years ago. At the present time travellers with modest tastes can find good accommodation (board and lodging) for six marks a day. In spas and health resorts prices average from seven to ten marks, and in the premier hotels from fourteen to eighteen marks. As a general rule excellent board and lodging can be obtained for about ten marks a day. All special taxes on tourists have long been abolished. In the hotels a supplementary charge varying from 10 per cent. to

20 per cent. on the bill is made for attendance. In restaurants the customary 10 per cent. tip is expected, except in Bavaria, where, as the old cabman used to say, they "leave it to you, sir." It is characteristic of German thoroughness that you may report your complaints of any incivility or inattention to a central office in Düsseldorf, the "Reichsverband der Deutschen Hotels und Restaurants." The very name itself must be a spur to any waiter tempted to be uncivil or inattentive.

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

Germany has an information bureau in Regent Street, connected with its State Railways, which issues a most efficiently produced series of pamphlets. These cover every phase of travel in Germany, and are very detailed in their information, being, as it were, miniature guide-books to the country. A feature of them is the natural place given to air services as a method of transport. Internal air travel is very highly developed in Germany, and from the Templehofer Feld in Berlin regular services are run to all parts of the country. These pamphlets, too, contain all information about the spas of Germany, and give the dates of all the principal theatrical, musical, and sporting events during the present season. A special pamphlet deals with the Bayreuth Festival of 1928, which lasts from July 19th to August 19th.

POST-WAR VIENNA

Visas have now happily been abolished both for Germany and Austria, for British subjects. The Austrian Federal Railways have an office in Cockspur Street, and also issue an excellent selection of pamphlets, which are by no means mere advertisements. Again air travel takes a prominent place in the facilities offered to tourists. Vienna, we learn, is the junction of eight international air lines. The aerodrome is at Aspern and "stands now on the same spot where Napoleon suffered his first defeat in 1809 when the Archduke Charles won the battle of Aspern and Esslingen." It would be difficult to suggest what part of Austria the traveller should make his hunting ground. But those who have never seen Vienna have never lived to know how a great city may make its art part of its daily life. Now largely recovered from its post-war unhappiness, Vienna is nearly gay again. Even during its most distressed period its glorious theatres kept open and offered some consolation to its people. But of all phases of Viennese life, though it is a very small one, that which casts its spell most closely on the lover of casual music is the "Five O'Clock." Then one may sit in a small café and listen, while drinking chocolate, to an expert pianist playing on a first-rate grand pianoforte classical or light music as the fancy takes him.

PRAGUE AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA

It is an undeserved thing but a true one that all Central European countries are most friendly disposed towards us. None more perhaps than the Bohemians, for I can never get myself accustomed to the thought that the Prague is now the capital of Czechoslovakia. However, it undoubtedly is, and Czechoslovakia is a part of the world, whatever it may be called, to which I long to go again. With this end in view, I have made a note of the address of the Czechoslovak Travel Bureau at 21, Regent Street. Then, perhaps, again for Prague and Marienbad—and the happiness of living in a country where there is no sophistication, except in the cities, where it is of the gentlest and most gracious character.

J. B. S. B.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

AFTER LOEWENSTEIN—HYDRO-ELECTRIC—INTERNATIONAL HOLDING—BRITISH CELANESE

THE news of Captain Loewenstein's dramatic end was brought to the Stock Exchange on Thursday morning, July 5th. The following day was the last day for dealing in the account which is settled for on Thursday, July 12th. This is therefore a critical week, and brokers, mindful of the unsettlement which was caused by the death of Mr. James White last year, are generally feeling nervous about "forced selling." In fact, anything might yet happen to the market in the shares of the two Loewenstein companies, International Holding & Investment Company and Hydro-Electric Securities Corporation. The following table shows the market sequence of events:—

	Highest.	After Slump.	After Loewenstein's death.
International Holding ...	\$357	\$215	\$140*
Hydro-Electric ...	87	50	38

* The shares are now split by ten and are quoted at 14.

The unsettlement of the market in International Holding is, however, much more than a question of individual speculation. When the projected issue in New York of \$25,000,000 5 per cent. International Holding bonds had to be dropped on account of the slump in the New York markets it is understood that a large block of the common shares was to be privately placed at a price somewhat below the market quotation, which was then \$210. This issue was to provide funds for the investments in artificial silk companies which Captain Loewenstein had acquired. If approximately the same amount of cash is to be raised by this operation as was intended to be raised by the 5 per cent. bond issue, a big block of shares would have to be issued. In addition to these shares, 5,500 shares were subscribed for about two months ago at \$320; and in April 123,200 shares were issued at \$150, of which only 92,335 were fully paid when the Company's advisory committee issued its statement towards the end of last month. In these circumstances the market in the shares must take some time to settle down.

The intrinsic position of International Holdings and Hydro-Electric Securities, according to the members of the Advisory Committee, remains sound. Hydro-Electric Securities was the Company formed in 1926 to take over the light and power holdings of International Holding, including the Loewenstein interests in "Sidro" (Société Internationale d'Energie Hydro Electrique), the Barcelona Traction Light & Power, the Rio de Janeiro Tramway Light & Power, and in several of the large public utility companies in the United States. The capital of Hydro-Electric consists of \$20,000,000 in participating preferred shares and 507,625 common shares which are still valued in the market at nearly \$20,000,000. Options on further large blocks of shares were held by International Holding, Messrs. J. Henry Schröder, and the British Foreign and Colonial. At the annual meeting in May, Sir Herbert Holt, the chairman, stated that the Corporation's investments in America amounted to about \$40,000,000, yielding more than \$2,000,000 per annum, and that the Company still had \$10,000,000 at its disposal to invest which would increase the income to \$2,700,000. Such an income, he said, would cover the dividend on the preferred shares 2.7 times and allow the payment of \$1.15 per cent. on the common shares. It has been humorously said of Hydro-Electric that it was 20 per cent. electric and 80 per cent. "hydro," but with Sir Herbert Holt of the Royal Bank of Canada as chairman, with representatives of Messrs. J. Henry Schröder, British Foreign and Colonial, and Messrs. Wood, Gundy & Co. on the board shareholders should have confidence in the future.

International Holding & Investment was the company which Captain Loewenstein created to further his interests in the artificial silk industry. It has control of the Belgian

and French Tubize and the Dutch Breda, and has interests in Glanzstoff, Bemberg and the Polish Tomaszow. We explained in THE NATION of April 28th that Captain Loewenstein had changed horses in the race for the artificial silk stakes. He had dropped the British Celanese group, having been rebuffed by Dr. Dreyfus, and was creating a new artificial silk cartel. It seemed to be his intention to link up the big Continental producers through International Holding with the Courtaulds-Glanzstoff-Snia Viscosa combine. There is no evidence that Courtaulds welcomed his support. His attempt to secure control of Dutch Enka, one of the associates of Courtaulds, met with such resistance that the directors issued preference shares carrying large voting powers to themselves and friends in order to secure "continuity of management." Finally, he still believed in March that he could bring British Celanese into his artificial silk cartel. When he realized that Dr. Dreyfus would under no circumstances be associated with him again, he decided, it is said, to renew the war against British Celanese to the death. And so it happened.

It would not have been strange to find a rise in British Celanese shares following the death of Dr. Dreyfus's enemy. But the directors of British Celanese themselves have prevented that event by producing their annual report and putting forward a rearrangement of the capital which is unpopular in the market. British Celanese had a loan capital of £3,958,082, consisting of £958,182 first mortgage debentures and £2,990,900 7½ per cent. convertible second mortgage bonds; and a share capital of £5,575,000, consisting of £4,250,000 in 7½ per cent. participating preference shares of £1 and £1,325,000 ordinary shares of 10s. These preference shares participated up to 25 per cent. of the surplus profits and their fixed 7½ per cent. dividend was in arrears since August 30th, 1923, the arrears amounting to £1,487,500. It is now proposed to cancel these arrears of dividend and to convert the preference shares into 7½ per cent. participating second preference shares with participation restricted to a further 2½ per cent. dividend payable out of 25 per cent. of distributable profits, with voting rights only in case the 7½ per cent. dividend is in default. In compensation for the loss of dividend arrears and voting rights and the restriction of their participation, the preference shareholders are offered one new ordinary share for every three preference shares. The directors next propose to issue 2,000,000 7 per cent. first preference in front of the 7½ per cent. preference shares, and in addition to issue 356,000 new ordinary shares at £3 per share, the holders of ordinary shares, preference shares, and convertible debentures having the right to subscribe in the proportion of one in 12½. If the Company is making good profits, why, it is asked, should not the arrears of preference dividends first be paid off before the capital is rearranged?

In making the issue of convertible debentures last October, Dr. Dreyfus stated that some time before the end of this year when the plant to treble the 1927 output was in operation, profits would average £400,000 a month or £4,800,000 a year. If this estimate is to be realized it would have meant on the old capital basis that after allowing for preference dividends and 25 per cent. participation, the ordinary shares would earn approximately 200 per cent. Has the Chairman reason to revise these estimates of profit? If not, why is it necessary to rearrange the capital? If the plant to treble the production has been paid for, what is the reason for the provision of fresh capital? These matters must be explained at the meeting on July 16th. It is somewhat significant that in April this year the ordinary shares of British Celanese were nearly 6½ and the preference shares 32s., whereas the preference are now 44s. and the ordinary only 8½.

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